



THE
CREIGHTON
QUARTERLY

SHADOWS



SPRING

NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE

To second the expressed wish of the faculty and “students” it is our aim to make our magazine representative of the University as a whole and of each of its respective departments. This can be accomplished only through the personal interest and assistance of the faculty. As the college magazine is a fair index of the standards and scholarship of an educational institution, we put our case before you and ask you to help us make it a periodical worthy of ourselves and of the University.

Respectfully yours,

THE EDITORS

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The Creighton Quarterly Shadows

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A KING NODS

*“If Spring can bring me laughter
Then bring me Spring,” he cried.
“To every corner of my land
Let my gay heralds ride,
And search her out and
Capture her and bring her to my side;
For I must have a merry queen
And not a weeping bride.”*

*His messengers sought everywhere
But kings wish oft in vain.
They overlooked a rosebud
And felt not April's rain.
Thrice fruitlessly they rode about
And then came back again.*

*I met a lad who never knew
The search was going on,
But wondered at the sky of blue,
Soft heard a robin's song,
And watched a tiny rose drink dew
When Spring had come along.*

JOHN WALTER REBUCK



A LA MODE

THOMAS HUGH LEDDY

Of the forces that shape human lives, one of the most potent, perhaps the least suspected, and certainly the last to be admitted is the pervasive, unobtrusive pressure of fashion. One wears a hat or leaves it off, not because he is more comfortable one way than the other, but because hats are being worn or discarded by his associates. A man might be willing and determined to spend his last cent to keep out of jail on any known legal indictment, yet prefer to go to jail rather than appear at a formal ball in plus-fours and a sweater. There are fashions, too, in things other than clothes; in entertainment,—witness the rise and fall of vaudeville—in politics, in literature, and in the breed of dogs. There are styles even in thought. University students, too, have their own peculiar and fleeting fashions. Some half dozen years ago a vogue of raccoon coats swept through the universities of the land. At about the same time it was modish for a semester or two for students in certain institutions of higher learning to commit suicide. Today among some university students in certain sections it is fashionable to scout the idea of God.

During the eight years or more that intervene between entrance to high school and the attainment of a bachelor's degree, profound changes occur normally in one's viewpoint and mental processes. In grade school the child assimilates facts; he learns that nine eights are seventy-two and that Columbus discovered America in 1492. In high school and college, however, the purpose of education is not to pump new facts into the student's

head, but to teach him how to think for himself. New theorems in mathematics are not stated as dicta to be unreservedly accepted by him, but he is shown how to develop and demonstrate them. He finds adjustments necessary as to many of his previous beliefs. He is made to see that national heroes, Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, were not the paragons he had imagined, but flesh and blood creatures with very human failings. Episodes in our history appear in such a light that he cannot escape the conviction that our country acted shabbily or arrogantly in its dealings with other nations. The years show him that the world around him is not made up solely of black and white objects, but that myriad intervening shades exist. It is brought home to him for the first time that certainty is a rather elusive thing; and he discovers, to use the time-hallowed illustration, that one cannot say absolutely in advance whether a kettle of water placed upon a fire will or will not come to a boil.

In this welter of ideas, new or near, it is not to be wondered at if the student asks himself, "What about God?" Thousands of college men have put this query to themselves and the questioning may be a very wholesome process. Religious faith is, of its very nature, an unreasoned thing. It is of things unseen. Christ's words to the doubting apostle, St. Thomas, "Blessed are they who have not seen and have believed," define the ideal. It is quite possible for a man to believe in God for the same reason that he believes the tangent of an angle is equal to the sine of that angle divided by its cosine. He may hold that conviction because it is the irresistible conclusion of incontrovertible logical processes; but such a belief is not faith. It is the natural outcomes of purely natural operations; religious faith on the other hand is, by definition, a supernatural gift. True faith is simple, unquestioning, child-like. It is not to be assumed however from this fact that the possessor of a child-like faith necessarily has a child-like mind.

Upon the foundation of simple faith may be reared a superstructure of rigid logic, aligned at every point with the solid stones on which it rests. To illustrate briefly: one may say, "I

believe that Christ was divine." That is simple faith. One may go farther and say, "Accepting for the purpose of discussion the reliability of the gospels as historical documents, it is evident that Christ claimed to be divine. He spoke the truth, or He was a liar, or He was a self-deluded fool. But His life and works offer abundant testimony that He was a wise man and a good man, and it is not reasonable to believe that He could deceive Himself or would deceive His followers." Having said this, one has not altered in any way the simple character of his basic faith; he has armed himself to defend it. Confronted with the current vogue of disbelief, he has his feet solidly planted upon the twin rocks of faith and reason and good will and will not drift with the tide, merely because that is the way the crowd is going.

The earlier in life this process of correlating faith and reason is started, the stronger the individual will be. Reasoning by analogy is always dangerous, but an analogy may be offered for what it is worth. Many children regard their parents as super-human until with the approach of adolescence they begin to discover in them various human faults and weaknesses. The shock is directly proportionate to the degree in which they had idealized and idolized their parents. Frequently enough they leap to the opposite extreme and regard father and mother as hopeless old fogies with whom it is useless even to attempt to discuss their problems.

Similarly, a young man who grows up without ever having examined the faith that is in him from a rationalistic viewpoint is certain to receive a variety of real shocks. He will be disturbed by the biologist's statement that more than 400,000 species of animals exist in the arthropod phylum alone, and the consequent vast unlikelihood that representatives of each and every living species could have been included in Noe's menagerie aboard the ark. Again, certain incidents in the lives of some churchmen, for instance the subservience of the bishop of Beauvais to the English in the condemnation and death of St. Joan of Arc, may shake his convictions to their very founda-

tion. If now he meets the pressure of the current tide of irreligion, he is in grave danger. If his associates, men whom he admires for their intelligence and intellectual attainments, tell him that all religion is nothing more than surviving vestiges of primitive superstitions, he will either say, "Well, say what you will, I believe, and that's that"; or he will agree with them and cast his faith. If his faith is strong enough he will stand his ground; if it is weak, he will follow the fashion and eventually go on the rocks.

A recent magazine article, "What College Did to My Religion" in *The Atlantic Monthly* of June last illustrates how its process works out. Phillip Wentworth tells us how he went to Harvard with a simple faith in a kindly God who ruled the world as a father his family, loving and caring for his children. At Harvard he found a fundamentally different point of view. His teachers spoke a new language. All perceivable things were regarded as subject to fixed and unchanging natural laws. All institutions of society, including religion, were seen as products of evolutionary processes working according to orderly principles of cause and effect. By his junior year Wentworth's attitude had so altered that he notified his pastor that he was no longer a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry, and set about building for himself a philosophy of life on a purely rationalistic foundation.

An odd fact becomes apparent here. When a man abandons the beliefs he has held for years and has given easy assent to the views of those around him, he is very likely to persuade himself that he has accomplished a valid and original reasoning process and be rather proud of himself in consequence. It gives him a glow of superiority to say, "When I was a youngster I believed that Santa Claus came down the chimney and that a personal God held me in the hollow of His hand. Poor old mother and dad still believe that sort of thing, but, of course, they did not have the advantages that they have given me. I have learned that natural laws are fixed and unchanging. Dad may pray for rain with all the confidence in the world, but I

am a little too intelligent to believe that God, even if He existed, would upset the equilibrium of the universe to save our potato patch."

This matter of intellectual pride lies, I believe, at the very core of the problem of disbelief among the educated classes. Followers of the mode of irreligion always maintain that they have arrived at their conclusions through intense mental travail and are prone to pity all who differ from them as victims of ignorance and "outworn superstitions." Now if from the same premises one man can confirm his faith and another reach disbelief, arriving at their separate conclusions through rigid logical steps, it is a rather disturbing phenomenon. It would be exactly the same as though an algebraic and a geometric demonstration of a mathematical theorem were to give conflicting results. If no flaw can be found in either demonstration it amounts to nothing less than a denial of the validity of the reasoning processes. Let us see if this actually happens.

One occasionally hears: "The concept of a personal God has been outmoded since the days of Copernicus. When the earth was conceived as the center of the universe with the sun designed to warm and light it and with millions of gems of tiny stars stuck into a crystal outer sphere by way of ornamentation, it was easy to believe that man was the master of all creation and that the Creator might reasonably be expected to take a special interest in this masterpiece of His handiwork. Now that we know that the earth is only one of the planets of the solar system, that the sun itself is only an unimportant star among millions, and that in the distant spiral nebulae we see what may well prove to be other island universes as great or greater than our own, how can any thinking man imagine that the Lord of this vast cosmos, if such a Being exists, could devote his particular attention to the tiny fleck of dust which is the earth, or to the particle of protoplasm which is I?"

The answer to the question is that any man who is thinking in a straight line must concede that very possibility, since if God exists at all He must be infinite, and a few thousand worlds

more or less, or a few thousand universes more or less would not strain His infinite capacity for paying attention to them or taking an interest in them.

Again, one sometimes hears the pompous statement: "Science offers abundant proof that natural laws operate exactly in the same way in all places and at all times, and that exceptions just simply do not occur. A miracle, therefore, involves a contradiction in terms, and any alleged miraculous phenomenon must be either a slight of hand trick or a manifestation of some unknown or imperfectly understood natural force."

Were it not for the fact that so many people hold views similar to this, it would scarcely seem necessary to point out the murkiness of the reasoning involved. A moment's consideration should convince anyone that it is not good logic in the process of examining the possibility of miracles to begin by defining a miracle as something that does not and cannot happen. The why of a miracle is the temporary suspension of a natural law. The most marvelous happening is not a miracle unless it is contrary to the normal operation of natural forces. A man who does not believe in God cannot believe in miracles, but, granting the postulate of a Supreme Lawgiver, it follows immediately that the Power which made the laws would be able to suspend them at His pleasure, or for good reason.

If it be thought that the writer is setting up men of straw just for the fun of triumphantly knocking them over, let us quote verbatim a recent example of ratiocination *a la mode* taken from Phillip Wentworth's article referred to above. Wentworth marvels at the "disingenuousness of the human mind when, unable to imagine how the world began, it can arbitrarily select three letters from the alphabet and call g-o-d an answer."

One wonders if it had not occurred to Wentworth that this same "disingenuousness" is expressed in Newton's first law of motion, and that without this same "disingenuousness" no physical science would or could exist. Again, it is not an uncommon practice arbitrarily to select letters from the alphabet to designate imperfectly understood causes of observed effects.

One group of letters thus arbitrarily selected is g-e-n-e, another is v-i-t-a-m-i-n and another is n-e-u-t-r-o-n. God is an imperfectly understood cause; to understand Him completely is quite beyond the capacity of the human mind. We haven't the slightest idea what in the world a gene is, but we can say, "This gene, located in the x chromosome of a spermatozoa will produce a color-blind female offspring." Although we do not know all about God, we still can say, "He is good; He is just; He knows that I am alive and is interested in what I am doing."

A man's innermost thoughts can be known only to himself and his Maker, but one may be permitted to wonder whether the man who has bartered his childhood faith for the feeling of mental superiority which agnosticism gives him never repents his bargain. One wonders whether his heart does not leap like an uncaged thing when in passing a church or over the radio he chances to hear the triumphant, exultant chorus of *Te Deum*. One wonders if he never sees a poignant picture of himself as a boy on Christmas morning, trudging through the powdery snow under the scintillating stars on his way to midnight Mass or to early morning service. One wonders if, in times of stress, he is not visited by thoughts of his childhood, haunting him like lulling cadences of dimly-remembered melodies, inviting him to accept once more the sweet consolation of belief.

APRIL

*Oh, April is a magic time,
A magic web it spins,
It puts a world of airy rime
Into our thinkin' gins.*

*To April's fancy there will be
In marvelous designs
On dripping shrub and tree
The wealth of Afric's mines.*

J. W. R.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS

(March)

*Tall trees bow before me
Whispering wordless prayer;
Even the frisking squirrels
Affect a Sabbath air.*

*Stately branches are waving
In a Te Deum mood,
Reminding me it's Sunday
As I ramble through the wood.*

*So in the solemn woodland
I kneel upon the sod;
I would not have my forest friends
Imagine I am a god.*

ALICE HUGHES



SUCCESS

ROBERT DUNCAN

It was almost fifteen years to a day since Tom West left home on the tender of a freight engine. Now he was returning in a Pullman. He had wired me that he would arrive on the eight-forty. As I was going to drive out to his father's place at about that time, I went to the depot to meet him. On my way over I speculated as to what kind of a man I would meet. When the youngest West boy ran away he had taken his father's wallet with him. Since that night I was the only resident of our community who had heard from the prodigal. This was occasioned by his mother's death a few years before. He wrote me from Chicago, giving me an address where he could always be reached. I was given to understand that George King, then employed in the Chicago stockyards, had informed him of his mother's death. He also asked me to refrain from mentioning his whereabouts to his relatives.

I recall that I was puzzled by Tom's letter. Just what were his motives in writing? Now that his mother was dead, I was certain that he entertained no affection for the rest of the family, but I soon forgot my perplexities, as the work of a busy country doctor leaves little time for reminiscence. When I was quite sure that old man West was going to die, I wired his two oldest children, Ed and Emma, but I hesitated about telling Tom of the crisis, as the other children would not be pleased. I had no idea how the father would like it, but I was Pollyannist enough to believe that this might be the right time for father and son to

bury the hatchet. At any rate I would not deprive a son of the chance to see his father for the last time.

As I drove to the station I played with the image of the man I expected to meet. Had the black sheep changed color? Would he be a portly young business man, a laborer uncomfortable in a blue serge suit, a suave crook, or just a common bum? It suited my fancy to picture him as a successful young business man. I liked to see my babies make good in life, and it would tickle me to see somebody ruffle the conceit of Ed West. Ed was viewing his father's fields with the eye of an owner before old West had checked in. He was all too conscious of his farms and his shiny Packard.

As I drove up to the depot, the train clanged up to the platform and cream cans were banged about and mail pouches piled on the trucks. The lone passenger that descended from the rear car I recognized at once as Tom West. What a change! How the stripling had grown! He stood between his grips, a florid young giant with a trim moustache that lent him an air of assurance. He was stylishly dressed in a black suit that fitted him a little too well. As I clambered out of my Ford, he saw me and rushed up with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Doctor." His nasal voice was vibrant with a metallic harshness. It arrested my attention for I knew that the vocal cords emitting those sounds were not normal.

Tom read my thoughts and smiled. "Oh, forget my voice. I've had laryngitis. How's father?"

I told him that his father was a very sick man and bundled his bags into the rear seat of the car.

"I'm going out to see him now. Get in."

We rode in silence until we reached Main street.

"Let me out at the hotel, will you? I don't want to put anyone out." He dropped his bags at the hotel and soon rejoined me.

Presently Tom spoke: "Does Ed and Emma know I'm coming?"

"No," I assured him.

"Good. Don't tell them how I came to know."

I reassured him and began to ask questions. As we drove into the West farmyard, I began to realize that I had been able to get but little information from the man. He was plainly reticent about his life. That he was a salesman, that he travelled much and that business was in a hell of a state, were the only facts I was able to pump from him. He did not have to tell me that he needed the attention of a throat specialist. He choked up several times. Once he lost his voice completely.

We went up on the front porch and I knocked. Ed came to the door. He looked at Tom, raised his eyebrows for an instant in wonderment, and boomed out a greeting that was too hearty.

I noted that a cynical smile spread over Tom's features as he was led into the parlor and forced to shake hands with his condescending sister. Emma always reminded me of a wet chicken. Indeed, her hands felt like a singed chicken's back. Muttering something about having run into Tom, I retired to the sick room and closed the door behind me.

The old man was failing rapidly. His pulse told me that he had but a few hours to live. As I closed my bag Tom came in and stood at the foot of the bed. I left him watching the feeble shell of a powerful man.

When I re-entered the stiff parlor I found Ed and Emma perched upon the sofa, the excitement of an argument flushing their faces. I told them that the end was but a few hours off and that I was going to wait there. Ed acted as if he was offended at the interruption, but I would as soon offend Ed as my dog. I saw Ed West into this world and I shall usher him from it if he doesn't watch his diet.

"Doc, did you wire Tom?"

"I did not," I snapped.

"He told me he just dropped home for a visit. I don't believe him."

I acted offended. "He didn't know his father was sick when I met him."

"I suppose he's planning on a share of the estate."

"Please wait until your father's dead to decide that." I was now real huffy and Ed shut up.

We sat in silence until Tom came in. I now noted that he wore a diamond stickpin that was too large to suit my fancy, and saw Emma giving it the once over.

The lull in the conversation began to pall upon me, so I decided to talk about business. Ed began to blow about his last year's profits when Tom broke in. When you heard that voice you paid attention. He began to talk of business in the east. He touched his knowledge of the financial page with the romantic gold of big business. He made one feel that the speaker was a man who was wont to do big business with big money. Without direct reference to himself he painted his own picture upon a vast canvas that dwarfed all dimensions. He asked Ed how much money he made a year and when Ed replied, exaggerating by a few thousand, Tom gave his brother a supercilious smile. His panegyric of himself was cut short by a hoarseness and a cough that silenced his great voice.

Ed, I was happy to see, wilted under the verbal barrage. Emma was staring like an envious rabbit. I was beside myself from trying to keep a sober face during the recital. As Tom left the room he winked at me.

The father lingered on for two days before giving up the ghost and each day was punctuated time and again by scenes such as I have pictured above. I could see that Ed was all but frothing at the mouth at the end of each session. He evidently suspected that Tom was spreading it a little thick, but what could he do about it?

When their father passed on it was plain that the whole family was relieved. There had never been any great attachment between father and children and aside from a few tears by Emma, there was no show of sentiment.

Tom wound up the farce with a flourish. His giant floral spray, ordered from Omaha, was the most magnificent thing ever seen in our town. But Tom's pomposity impressed the townspeople as much as did his floral offering. When the West will was read,

Tom laughed; he was left one silver dollar. He flipped it to Ed, saying "You need this more than I" and walked out. Ed would have killed him had we not held him in his chair. That evening, Tom took a compartment for Omaha. Ed rode in the day coach.

The next fall I went to Minneapolis to attend a convention of our lodge. After one of the sessions I went out to the State Fair. The piping of a calliope attracted me to the fairway of the carnival.

As I was walking about, looking at the various freaks and rides, I heard a familiar voice shouting to everyone to move up closer. It had a familiar metallic nasal tone. I spun around. On a raised platform was Tom West. He was the barker.

Superb as he beckoned and exhorted the gaping farmers to step in closer, he was the direct antithesis to the Tom I had known. Gone was the conservative black suit. He now seemed ready to burst from a loud checkered garment. The diamond stud was matched by a great stone on his hand. Only his great voice, his florid face remained.

I turned away in disgust as he began to exhibit the physique of a sinuous snake charmer, and launched into a vivid description of the dangers she encountered in her profession.

A carnival attendant was tightening a rope at my elbow. I asked him who the barker was.

"That's Tom West. He's married to Elvina."

I gathered that Elvina was the snake-charmer.

"How long has he been with the show?"

"Oh, since about twelve years ago. He worked up from a job like mine."

LINES ON IMMORTALITY

*Out of the dust of the butterfly's wing
God fashions the color and romance of spring,
Could such an eager craftsman destroy
The inexhaustible riches of human alloy?*

VIRGINIA COOPER

IN THE SPRING

*“In the spring a young man’s fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,”
And a maiden’s turns from dancing
To the match of hat and glove.*

*Model T’s come out of hiding
Manned by youth in restless crews,
And the children take to marbles;
Would-be poets court the Muse.*

*Books and lessons get so tiresome.
Students throng to out-of-doors,
While they lay gay plans for Easter,
Deaf to all the March wind’s roars.*

*Hearts of young and old grow lighter.
Hibernating cares take wing.
God seems close; earth—oh, brighter,
Sweet and smiling—in the spring.*

ROSEMARY DOWNEY



EDUCATION HERE AND THERE

ALEX A. SCHNEIDERS

It may perhaps be regarded as a purely academic question whether or not education differs in essentials in various sections within the boundaries, say, of a country or, for that matter, even of a state. That there is such a question, can be readily inferred from the very American practice of sending young men and young women to institutions of higher learning other than the local ones. The reasons for sending a son or daughter to a distant college, university, or "finishing" school, usually vary according to the envisioned aims and aspirations of the parents or guardians who do the sending. If they wish the youngster to get an education, they will send him to one kind of school; if their desire is to have their charge emerge a social butterfly or with a special type of veneer, the institution will be chosen with that end in view. Among the various reasons that can be listed, the dominant one for deciding on this school rather than that, has to do primarily with education: "Where can my boy or girl be best educated?"

This is a legitimate and a practical question. Can as much be said for the decision? Is there sufficient justification for the obvious preference manifested in the choice of one locality rather than another? Is there any defensible reason why middle-western parents should send their boys and girls to eastern universities and other places of learning, when there are numerous institutions nearer home that might answer just as well? This is not an idle question. Its importance is daily attested by the growing number of inexplicably intractable young men and wo-

men who have been at schools on or near the seaboard, as well as by testimony of disappointed fathers and mothers. An adequate answer to this question would perhaps involve a statistical survey. Looked at from one angle, it would necessitate determining what percentage of native young men and women, eastern-educated, had succeeded or failed, as compared with the number of successes or failures among stay-at-home mid-western educational "products." Insofar, however, as success or failure is largely due to the individual himself, whereas the relative merits of universities, colleges and other places of higher learning are in the main quite constant and therefore subject to appraisal, it is not at all impossible to give an answer that does not depend for its value upon statistics and research. This type of answer we hope to set forth in the present essay.

We are assuming that it may be taken for granted that educational advantages and disadvantages vary with the nature of the locality of the institutions. Few will question, for instance, that it is more to the final and essential purpose of an education if the institution be situated in a cultural and highly advanced section, than in a stagnant or even retrograde country town? When, however, there is a strong probability that the relative merits of one educational center may upon investigation equate with those of another, an answer cannot be so readily given. Only by a careful and unbiased comparison of the two localities can a fair verdict be arrived at. Is the east then better fitted, generally or institutionally, to educate than the middle-west?

Anyone even superficially acquainted with the east, its modes of life and manner of living, its people and its customs, cannot escape the conviction that there is a decided advantage in making its intimate acquaintance. One senses almost immediately an undercurrent that tells of a longer span of cultural as well as educational opportunity and advancement. There is the unmistakable feeling that one is in close contact with a highly civilized and cultural residuum that only centuries of progress can deposit. Sensing this, the words of Professor Rudolf Eucken are brought home in all their depth of truth and sincerity of ex-

pression. All culture, he writes, "implies an endeavor to prevent certain events, deeds, and personalities from drifting into gradual oblivion, an endeavor to keep them ever present and living by dint of some personal exertion. There is no culture which does not call upon us to take up the challenge that is thrown by Time, the great destroyer." We know that very many institutions of learning in the east are old and stately; that many of them date back to the founding of the Republic; others, to the early colonial settlements; all alike have amassed a stock of traditions and a host of noteworthy alumni of which any university might be proud. The innumerable and largely exclusive finishing schools, the philharmonic symphony orchestras, the theatres, and myriad similar cultural forces, all bear witness to a tradition that cannot be duplicated in any way other than through the slow medium of time's crystallizing process. It is a truism to say that for anything to be done well it must be done leisurely, deliberately. Thus the eastern Atlantic states have been doing for the past three hundred years. And the harvest is now in undeniable evidence. There is in the east a cultural and educational heritage that is as palpable as it is fruitful; one that should not, indeed cannot, be ignored.

But this is not the whole story. Like many other repositories of culture, this section of the United States has in a sense sown the seeds of its own dissolution. In much the same way that organic crystals have a marked tendency to coalesce into a solid, unwieldy mass, so the residua of progress tend to solidify and harden, inevitably resulting in a haughty and strangling conservatism. From an educational viewpoint, for instance, there can be little doubt that our most *progressive* colleges and universities, or the majority of them at least, will be found somewhere west of the Atlantic seaboard states. It would be hard to match a Chicago or an Iowa university in point of progressiveness with most eastern institutions. While in the Jesuit-conducted schools there is not the least doubt that the institutions of the middle-west are well in the lead. To bear this out one need but call to mind the expansion and progressive trend of such

schools as Detroit, St. Louis, Creighton and Marquette Universities. What the reasons are, apart from those already hinted at, is another story. It may be, as some observers suggest, the influence of stronger competition among the western schools. Certain it is that the fundamental impetus is no other than a recrudescence, if not a continuance of the pioneering spirit that built in less than a century an empire where savages once roamed.

The conservatism of the east to which I have referred is manifested in at least one other striking particular, though it certainly does not stop at that. This is seen in the attitude that the east as a whole adopts and continually affects towards that part of the country west of the Alleghanies. It may be the by-product or resultant of a self-sufficiency and an intellectual and social snobbery that are about as nauseating to the open and hospitable mind of the middle-westerner as they are unjustifiable. There are easterners who quite wilfully labour under the illusion that little more than a vast wilderness, peopled by I do not know what kind of savages, is to be found west of Pittsburgh. If education or travel has served to jar loose this impression, they still retain the settled conviction that anything farther west than the above-mentioned city counts for very little anyway. Should you chance, as I once did, to tell an easterner that you came originally from a middle-western city of less than 150,00 population, he will not only not have heard of the place, but the chances are that he will be unable to spell or pronounce the name correctly.

This sort of "shut-in" is found as well in the intellectual as in the social sphere. For example, when asked for his opinion on a certain book written by a professor of Chicago University, an instructor in one of the eastern universities remarked that much that came out of Chicago in a literary way was quite redolent of one of its chief industries, made famous, I might add, by the Armours. That this attitude is not confined to the individual must be quite evident to any one conversant with the writing of a very prominent professor of an eastern university

and a leader in the New Humanist movement. I refer the reader especially to Dr. More's rather well-known *Demon of the Absolute*. Unless I, too, am the victim of false impressions, this attitude will be found to be quite general among the eastern intelligentsia, though I would be the last to ascribe to it a universal character. In matters such as these it is impossible to ignore the limits of generalities; even then, there is always grave danger of deducing a general principle from a few meagre particulars.

Thus far I have not detailed, save by implication, the more striking characteristics, especially in a social way, of the mid-west. But the inference is to be taken for granted that of the advantages and drawbacks of the east, as I have outlined them here, each has an antithesis in western sections of the country. The conservatism of the east is in contrast with the progressiveness of the mid-west; the social haughtiness of the former will find its opposite in the more open and friendly attitude of the latter; the fuller cultural background of the original colonies brings into prominence the shallow cultural condition of the younger states. Nowhere will this difference be seen more clearly than in the respective attitudes of the two sections towards conventionalism. In the east conventionalism may be said to be in the saddle. The attitude of the middle-west on the other hand is more romantic in the nature; it is extravert, and therefore more likely to be unconventional. Reserve, frigidity, reticence, aloofness, adherence to the accustomed way of doing things are terms quite descriptive of the average easterner; while spontaneity, novelty, abrogation of custom, warminess, hospitality, freedom of action are characteristically western. Many years ago William James epitomized the eastern attitude specifically if not generally in a few significant words. "Many Bostonians," wrote James, "*crede experto* (and inhabitants of other cities, too, I fear), would be happier women and men today if they could once for all abandon the notion of keeping up a Musical Self, and without shame let people hear them call a symphony a nuisance." But this is practically hopeless. It may be the

right thing to pretend to be musical, to attend endless dinner parties, assume the proper dress for all occasions, or not do this, that and the other thing; it may be even pointless to discuss them at all. But as against a more open and therefore a more healthy attitude the danger in strict conventionalism lies in its inherent tendency to become an end in itself. From doing a thing because it is the right thing to do, we come to do it because it has always been done. In view of an ever-changing civilization and a shifting social structure this is an impractical viewpoint. Any attitude that tends to strangle initiative or to blur what might otherwise be normal, healthy vision is fatal to a well-balance outlook on life, and this in some respects at least, is not the easterner's first virtue.

If this cursory analysis and contrast of the two sections be correct, and I feel certain that they are largely so, the answer to the question "Should I send my boy or girl to an eastern university?" may be left to formulate itself. If he feels that the intellectual and social introversion and the atrophying conventionalism characteristic of the east are fully counterbalanced or outweighed by its cultural and social advantages; if he be willing to risk the temper of his offspring through contact with provincial snobbery, he has a problem on his hands. In all fairness to himself, however, as well as to the child, and to the section of the country in which he had made his home, he ought to weigh the evidence impartially. One may not lose sight of the fact that the decision once made, the future of the young man or woman is largely set in one way or another. Mid-westerners may well ponder the advantages that go with institutions that are the outgrowth of his native soil, especially as in all probability the youngster sent east will perforce make his home in the middle-west. Once he has tasted the heady wine of a fuller social and cultural life, the dry red at home may carry with it a sour if not a bitter taste. I am not unmindful of the possibility that suggestions such as these may tend to foster the very self-inclusiveness which I have taken the liberty to criticize. But there are more effective and saner means to break down the bar-

riers that exist between the east and the west than by mere residence during the process of education. Whether the practice be continued or not, it would be wise for parents to consider the issues brought out in this paper, in which event his decision will take on the aspect of a rational judgment and not be just a conclusion drawn from an admixture of foolish hopes and preconceived notions as is too often the case.



FAREWELL TO ATHENA

*How many a Grecian column stands on high,
Now pointing its lone beauty to the sky!
How many more have fallen to an earth,
That never recks of ought save death and birth!*

*No crumbling guardians of Sioux councils past
Confront me here, but one vague token of the last
Springtime remains, something it is that rain
In April-time and prairie winds retain.*

*Tradition never was a match in spring
For beauty, riding on a kingbird's wing
Along the Elkhorn, and so till twilight
Will I plow, till Apollo ends his flight.*

JOHN WALTER REBUCK

NIGHT PLANE

*When all the busy thoroughfares are still,
Deserted by the ceaseless traffic of the day,
A sense of loneliness envelopes me, until
The night plane booming speeds upon its way,—
A giant cabin trimotor flying low.
I count its twinkling windows all alight
And picture phantom travellers in the glow
On distant secret quests that me delight.*

*Oh, that I too could soar across the sky
Untrammelled by a single earthly bond,
My only guide the stars that gleam on high,
The beacons of a mystic land beyond!
It's gone,—the faint, far humming of the plane
And loneliness envelopes me again.*

PHOEBE MCCARTHY



TIMID SOUL

NAN RILEY

To the meek, mincing little Mr. Reed, an ordinary bookkeeper, discomforts and worse were not unusual. It rained on the days he forgot his umbrella; it hailed on his planted flowerbeds; once a bank closed the day after he had deposited his money therein; the husband of his one-time sweetheart died two months after Jasper married Sarah. That Jasper should have married a woman like Sarah seemed almost inevitable. Bustling, energetic, practical, selfish, sensible, in a way she was the exact antithesis of her husband. Given to spasmodic inner urges in the way of house cleaning, she showed little sympathy or concern for Jasper's love of quiet and peace; nor did she indulge him in his choice of neckties, nor his hobby of collecting odd stamps. Not that Jasper ever insisted upon having his way in any of these matters; he had learned that it was absolutely no use.

On this particular evening in August, Jasper was hurrying home, weary, hot, and hungry to what he hoped might be a dinner of liver and onions. He had worked hard all day at his desk without lunch, for at noon Mr. Watts had asked him to do a little extra budgeting.

Just now in spite of his physical discomfort he was happy, for he had purchased from one of his fellow employees an old Bulgarian stamp. The man had had two. This rounded out his collection to the extent of sixteen rare stamps.

As he turned the corner of Prospect Avenue and 31st Street, he suddenly stopped short. An unkempt chore boy was languidly beating a mattress in the Reed backyard. Sarah was house-

cleaning again! Jasper resumed his walk with a resigned air. As he mounted the porch steps, gingerly avoiding three huge vases and a blocked mirror, he heard Sarah's excited voice:

"That you, Jasper! Come quick! I'm down cellar. Hurry up!"

Jasper entered the house, proceeded to the kitchen and descended the steps to the cellar. He peeked cautiously around, groaning almost audibly. In all her many cleanups, Sarah had never descended to the level of the cellar. It had been the one place safe from her ammonia water and mops, precincts heretofore sacred to mice, spiders, and grime! "What would he be expected to do?" Jasper wondered. Still, his services were sure to be required, for he had helped with the house cleaning for fifteen years.

As his eyes became accustomed to the half-light of the cellar, he saw Sarah tugging away at an object fixed in the whitewashed rock walls. As she jerked energetically, there was a dull metallic sound, and the thing shot toward Jasper. It was a black sheet-iron box, one end painted white and hammered to camouflage it as a part of the whitewashed rock wall. On top were the initials H. A. R.

"H. A. R.," murmured Sarah. "Do we know anybody—"

"Uncle Horace!" gasped Jasper. "Remember? He died the year we were married,—left nothing but this old house."

"I wonder," mused Sarah. "Wasn't he supposed to be sort of rich? Your cousin James looked into the matter, if I recollect right, but—"

"Couldn't find any inheritance or will,—nothing but the deed to his house. He was always kind of queer, Uncle Horace was; liked stories about pirates and hidden treasure; goofy on all that sort of thing."

"Well, don't stand there like a wooden Indian! Open it!" commanded Sarah.

Jasper pried open the lock. There inside the little black box, he found money, money. In a daze he handed the box to Sarah. She gazed stolidly for a moment, then began to search thorough-

ly through the neatly piled bills. In a moment she found a long folded legal paper. Opening it, she began to read slowly: "I, Horace Ambrose, being of sound mind," she paused. "Jasper! He's left \$14,000 to you,—to us!"

Jasper plumped down on a bench and sat staring at the money. Sarah was still eagerly examining the will. Then she began to cry hysterically, and Jasper did not realize that he had never before seen Sarah hysterical. "A real house,—a new one,—with a sewing room,—new rugs,—a car,—a sealskin coat—"

Jasper too began to see the fulfillment of his dreams. He would resign his position as bookkeeper at Watts, Sheldon and Company; he would go fishing seven days a week; he would collect more stamps for his precious album! At last Good Luck was visiting Jasper Reed! He solemnly assured himself that there had come a turning point in his life. He was young yet; he would enjoy life to the utmost. With his newly-found inheritance he would laugh at the world!

* * *

Jasper Reed in August of the following year walked down the same Prospect Avenue in the glare of the same hot sun. He was tired and hungry, for just at noon Mr. Watts had given him some extra work to do and he had had no lunch. As he walked along he thought of the events of the past year. What a wonderful find the little black box had seemed a year ago! He recalled the high hopes he had had for the future: resigning from his position, frequently going fishing, devoting much of his time to stamp-collecting. Jasper did not laugh ironically; he had no flair for the dramatic. Wistfully he thought of how he and Sarah,—of how Sarah had disposed of the pot of gold; the new house built on the same spot as the old, so that Sarah need not move away from her wide-eyed, envious neighbors; the new car, so that Sarah and her cousins might ride to the meetings of the Jolly Home Makers' Club; the blue Persian rugs, for the living room; the fur coat, to shelter warm-blooded Sarah from the not very rigorous winters of Milltown; a trust fund, so that Jasper's probable early death would not leave Sarah improvident. Forty dollars

now lay in the money box at home. Forty lonesome dollars, unavailable too, as Sarah's nephew needed a portable typewriter.

Jasper thought of his shattered dreams, his lost hopes of retirement, and the pleasure from hobbies indulged. What a lovely illusion that had been! As he turned the corner of Prospect Avenue and 31st Street, Jasper's pace quickened. There might be liver and onions for dinner. And he had just that day bought another stamp for his collection. Now he had twenty-three. Suddenly he paused. A lubberly choreboy was beating a mattress in the Reed backyard. Jasper sighed, then resigned to his fate, proceeded. Sarah was housecleaning again!



MARCH 4

*It's a glorious morning for hope, dear Lord,
Dear Lord, it's a solacing day;
The sun is bright with promise fair
And is driving our fears away.*

*Praying with outstretched knotted arms
Are maple and elm and birch,
While every whitened cottage far
Seems likened to a church.*

*Fair shoots of green are peeping out
On lawns across the way;
It's a wonderful morning for hope, dear Lord,
Dear Lord, it's a glorious day.*

ALICE HUGHES



JUST SIXTEEN

ELEANOR LUBERGER

"But, Jim, she doesn't seem like herself any more!"

Mrs. Thompson looked across the breakfast table at the top of her husband's head, barely visible above an outspread newspaper. A worried frown clouded the usual complacency of her features.

"I can't imagine what has changed her. I proposed a little party, thinking to please her, but she seemed so uninterested that I haven't bothered her since."

The paper was lowered impatiently below two blue eyes, twinkling from under shaggy brows.

"Now, Myra, there's no sense in worrying yourself like this. Jane is simply going through a stage common to all youngsters. She'll get over it. Give her time, my dear."

"I know I'm silly, Jim. Come to think of it, I went through the same thing myself, aping some actresses for weeks. It's part of the process of growing up, I guess."

Both started guiltily as the subject of their discourse sauntered through the doorway. Brown eyes, with studiously lowered lid, gazed languidly out of the white face, framed in tawny auburn hair, eyes which would snap with the joy of life and youth if not watched carefully by their owner. Heavy jade earrings, a la Crawford, swung belligerently below curly tendrils.

"Good morning, mother,—hello Dad!"

"Good morning, dear." Mrs. Thompson resolved inwardly to do away with the earrings as quickly and as quietly as possible.

"And how may you be this morning, Gyps?"

"Oh, Dad, I wish you wouldn't call me Gyps,—it's so childish. After all, I'm one week over sixteen now, you know."

"My profound apologies, fair lady."

The paper dropped to the floor as Mr. Thompson left the table.

"Your poor, old gray-haired father goes forth to do battle with the world, sorrowing the loss of his old pal, Gyps."

In passing, he tapped the jade decoration, smiling whimsically at his daughter.

The sharp ring of the telephone caused Mrs. Thompson to hurry out to the hall.

"It's for you, Jane."

"Thank you, mother. Hello, oh yes, Bob. Swimming? No, I don't think so. I don't feel like it. Tennis? Oh, Bob, it's just blistering hot today,—some other time, maybe. What? Why, Bob Simmons! Of all the—!"

The angry tones of Jane's voice reached Mrs. Thompson, who shook her head sadly at the cream she was placing in the ice-box.

Jane's face flushed hotly at the masculine tirade. She cut short the volley of words.

"Bob Simmons, how dare you talk to me like that? Just because I've known you for ages is no sign you can treat me as your property. You make me tired. All you boys are just alike. You can't think of anything but hot games and you can't do anything but gambol around like overgrown puppies. I am *not* a poor sport. I just don't feel like acting childish,—and what's more, I hope I never see you again. So there!"

At the bang of the receiver, followed by the sharp click of heels mounting the stairs, Mrs. Thompson hastened from the kitchen to administer advice or sympathy, as the situation demanded.

"Jane, dear, whatever is the matter with you and Bob lately? He's such a nice boy."

"Oh, mother, I wish you wouldn't bother me so. I don't like Bob any more, that's all."

Jane hurried her steps, not wishing her brimming eyes to be

seen. At the landing, she hesitated and looked back at her mother. The bewildered, hurt expression on Mrs. Thompson's face made her dash back down the stairs, heedless of sobs, and throw her arms about that poor lady.

"I'm sorry, mother. I'm a beast, a mean little beast with four horns and two tails! Don't you worry about me. Bob is just too conceited and I mean to teach him a lesson or two."

Bestowing a quick kiss on her mother's ear, Jane hurried on to her room. Mrs. Thompson, completely puzzled by her daughter's strange moods, shook her head resignedly at the newel post as she went about her duties.

The next day, as Mrs. Thompson was arranging flowers in her living room, she heard the front door closed quietly.

"Oh, there you are, mother!"

Flushed and breathless, Jane rushed into the room.

"I've so much to tell you. I met Virginia downtown this morning, and she asked me to a party tomorrow night that she is giving for her cousin, Keith, who is visiting her for a while. He goes to college and everything, and is nearly the smartest in his class. Isn't that perfect?"

The rapid flow of words ceased as she became conscious of her mother's eyes on the box she was carrying. Hesitantly, she put it on a table and fumbled with the cover.

"I saw this dress in the window this morning, mother, and it was so cunning that I couldn't resist it. If you don't like it I'll take it back."

"Put it on, dear."

Mrs. Thompson chose to go slowly until she could see her way. To be sure, the dress did look lovely on Jane. Its black simplicity was in sharp contrast with her creamy skin. It was disturbing, too, in its sophisticated effect. The dear child looked more nearly twenty than sixteen,—but then, if it pleased her—. She was aware of the brown intent eyes fixed on her, anxiously awaiting some sign of approval.

"It's a sweet dress, Jane, a bit too old for you, perhaps, but

you may keep it since you like it so well. Let me shop with you after this, though, won't you?"

Her words were nearly smothered in the close embrace and haphazard kisses of her offspring.

"Mother, you are an angel! You're the very nicest person that I know."

As suddenly, the deluge ceased, and Jane scampered away to gaze at her newly-acquired grown-upness in the mirror.

The dress did do things to Jane. Fully conscious of her charming appearance, she enjoyed herself immensely at the party, dancing with many and sundry disjointed youths, and observing with deep satisfaction Bob's glowering looks over his partner's shoulder. Virginia's cousin proved to be an individual whose only excuse for living, as far as Jane was concerned, was to impress people with his intelligence. Finding in Jane's uncritical attention a perfect audience for his ego, he expounded at length his sophomoric theories of life. Jane was much disgusted with herself for her absolute uninterest in his topics, but finally attained a bored, philosophic expression by dint of labored lowering of eyelids and downdrawing of lip corners. Yawns persisted. She did want to dance to that divine music. Catching sight of Bob nearby, she flattered Keith immeasurably by her unswerving devotion to his outbreaks of oratory for the remainder of the evening.

The following day proved ideal for the picnic planned. Jane's healthy enjoyment of life threatened to usurp her worldly air as she hurried to the door in answer to the insistent honk of Virginia's horn. The sight of Bob's car behind Virginia's resulted in her sedate greeting of "Hello, Keith" instead of the usual "Hi, everybody!" Climbing leisurely into the car, she waved a calm farewell to Mrs. Thompson as the cars started away.

During the picnic, Jane found herself seated with Keith underneath an aged tree, he indulging in a lengthy discussion with himself on the subject of himself and his aspirations. Jane's thoughts wandered disconcertingly to the other members of the crowd. Was that a drop of rain on her nose? Not only one on

her nose but several on her cheeks. How did one go about notifying college men of weather conditions? Did one say, "Keith, it's raining?" Certainly not, one could pride one's self on not becoming commonplace. What would be a subtle way of doing it? It was certainly hard to think with one's eyelashes heavy with moisture. But one doesn't think with one's eyelashes. Oh, dear, all one would have to say to Bob—what's that on her neck? Ugh! A caterpillar. On the ground, you worm. Crawl away, don't just wiggle inanely. That's not the way to pursue life, liberty and happiness. You probably don't have to pursue them anyway, they just cater to you, you caterpillar. Assert yourself. Take a correspondence course in stenography or light a Murad. Just one more raindrop and—!

Was that a drop? It was; they were.

"Keith, I'm all wet."

Blank indignation greeted this announcement.

"You're wet; I'm wet; the caterpillar's wet. I want to go home. Oh, do something!"

"To be sure—" Keith got up uncertainly, wiping his ear vaguely.

"Don't stand there like an idiot! Oh, I wish Bob were here."

"And, pray tell me, what would that genetleman do that I have not already done?"

The two were trudging back in the direction of their party.

"He wouldn't let me walk in all this sloshy mud."

"I shan't, either."

Keith awkwardly picked up Jane's one hundred and five pounds in his arms. They proceeded without mishap for several minutes, the burden and the burdened. Jane began to feel a tinge of pity for Keith. She sought to make things a little more pleasant by conversation. Not for long.

"Oh, be careful."

Her warning came too late. Down went the lady-in-arms to the earth-in-waiting. Silence reigned while each observed the other. How unattractive mud makes one. What queer positions one finds one's self in after falling in the mud. Be-decked and

be-spattered, Jane haughtily arose from mother earth and deliberately threw some of that good lady at Keith, before resuming her trudging.

The situation was becoming unbearable when a loud grinding of brakes announced the arrival of the rest of the picnickers. From force of habit, Jane jumped into Bob's car, not realizing it until too late to change. The drive back home began in silence, broken by a lonesome sneeze. Bob reached into the back seat and pulled out a robe which he tossed in the general direction of his companion. A sniff was his answer, followed by two equally polite, apologetic sneezes.

"Here, I guess it's clean."

He thrust a huge handkerchief into Jane's hand. Having applied this remedy, Jane surveyed, with deep satisfaction, the donor's rumpled black hair and set chin. Her eyes closed on the little smile that crept up from her lips. What a relief not to have to be self-sufficient at sweet sixteen!

PLOW SONGS

*"The earth is heavy with sleeping things,
Turn it up, turn it up, thrust up the soil,
Swift plow the land," the farm boy sings,
"Sleepy land waken, this is toil."*

*Then sings the plow in a low undertone,
"These fields have waited all winter long,
Just now I quivered, snagged by a stone,
Dark loam and I will both sing a song."*

*Who cleared the field first nobody knows,
He's one with his field these many years now;
Up field, down field, gone are the snows,
Springtime is here, spring and the plow."*

JOHN WALTER REBUCK



THE LITTLE THEATRE ON MAIN STREET

ALICE HUGHES

The Little Theatre has been a vitalizing influence in the regeneration of every Main Street that has given it entry. Nowhere is this fact more patent than in the middle west; nowhere was its influence more needed, nor more immediately felt. As middle western culture was or is, in the nature of things and admittedly, on a lower level than that of the east, its Main Street has not been able to offer to the budding aesthete anything like adequate opportunity for creative release. All its life long its recreation, amusement, entertainment were confined to the rough and ready dance in the village hall, the occasional athletic match and the wild west movie. Dwellers in our own mid-western cities with their urban sophistication are inclined to ignore the proximity of Main Street and the fact that for the most part it still offers only the usual forms of entertainment or amusement. If the city dweller could but bring himself to face the facts, he might be made to realize that within a radius of fifteen miles or less of his particular metropolis there are innumerable Main Streets. To communities such as these where professional dramatic productions are not available the Little Theatre is becoming and is destined to be the general arts educator.

In 1911 the Irish Players with Lady Gregory toured the United States and inspired a Little Theatre movement here. Prior to this, however, the Little Theatre movement set on foot by Antoine in Paris in 1877, flourished in Europe. In rapid succession organizations such as the Deutsches Theatre under the direction of Max Reinhardt, the Moscow Arts Theatre with Stanislavsky,

and the Polish Theatre with Wyspiansky, appeared in the year 1890. In England about the year 1899 a Deutscher, Grein, inspired the English Stage Society, while in the same year was created the Irish Literary Theatre, a mergance of the Little Theatre idea and the Celtic Renaissance. In 1902 the Irish National Theatre evolved and in 1904 came the Abbey Theatre, the direct forerunner of the American movement.

The first Little Theatres in America were established in the middle west, but the movement soon spread far and wide, leading eventually to the development of the more noteworthy organizations, such as the Washington Square Players in 1915, later the Theatre Guild; the Provincetown Players reorganized in 1923 by O'Neill and Jones; the Neighborhood Playhouse; Baker's Workshop 47a at Harvard; the Punch and Judy Theatre in New York; the Folk Theatre of the University of North Carolina; the University of North Dakota Players; Stewart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre; and the Little Theatres of New York, Chicago, Boston, Dallas, Pasadena, Cincinnati. In 1917 there were over fifty Little Theatres in various sections of the country. Although the movement took hold in the United States more recently than elsewhere, the United States has more Little Theatres than any other country in the world. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that the United States is a democracy, and that the theatre is regarded as a democratic institution.

It may be significant that the first Little Theatres were established in the middle west. Very few middle western Little Theatres have achieved prominence, but the degree of influence they have wielded is not to be measured by their reputation or their prominence. The Little Theatre on Main Street is American in the sense that it is the people's theatre. It has become the most wholesome theatre in the world. It holds both a communal and an individual appeal. Its communal appeal is due to the fact that it is an insurgent theatre. It is in revolt against the commercial theatre with its long run, its star system, its mania for popularity, its repudiation of literary drama, its lavish and tasteless tendencies in stage setting, its preoccupation with box-office

receipts. The Little Theatre appeals to Main Street by reason of its subscription system, the close intimacy between stage and audience, the simplicity of its settings, and its readiness to experiment with the new in both drama and stagecraft.

Road companies used to bring fairly good productions to the mid-western cities, but at best their offerings were often inadequately rehearsed. The players found it necessary to be working on several plays at one time. Sometimes conceited actors showed only too plainly that they considered themselves a little better than their work. Their patronizing airs were maddening to John Doe of Main Street who is, after all, an individual even though he dwells far from Broadway. In the mid-west cities of any size are few and far between, and travel was not always so convenient as it is now. Due to these facts as also to the consideration that the price of admission was rather high, hundreds of thousands of people were not found in the audience. Even today the road company is the one hope of bringing occasional outstanding productions to the mid-western stay-at-home. The advent of the Little Theatre to the middle west was an epoch-making event. First the larger cities took up the idea, and gradually the small towns as they were able. Through what is known as the subscription plan each town may have its theatre according to what it can afford. Though funds be scarce, the theatre need not be inferior. The spirit of the venture means far more than the amount of funds back of it. Its second communal appeal lies in the close intimacy it achieves between the stage and the audience. The theatre draws its support from the audience and consequently has the enthusiasm and confidence of the audience. The audience is with the actors, knowing that there can be no failure as long as there is sincerity, simple artistry, and a presentation worth remembering, despite the fact that it is amateur work. Simplicity in stage setting is appreciated by the artistic souls who see more value in a tasteful scene than in the elaborate overdone staging of the commercial theatre. Besides the fact that there is little expense in the creation of a simple artistic setting, the production centers attention upon itself.

The mid-westerner was a pioneer, and as such he liked to experiment. He did not accept things as they were just because his forbears did. This attitude gives him the chance his nature craves even in drama and the details of stagecraft. Thus have come to birth the *genre* plays so popular in America, and this type along with the local-color story are unquestionably valuable in recording the history of the sections of the country in which they are produced. The movement has unearthed and developed the dramatic talent in the middle west, and no dramatist of merit ever lacks a producer.

The individual appeals of the Little Theatre are as many and as varied as the men and women on Main Street. There are some who are interested because of the opportunities for aesthetic development offered by the Little Theatre. In this group are those who have ambitions in speech as an art, in costume designing and scene painting, in dramatic writing, and in acting. The socially minded seize the chances offered for a "get-together"; here we find the budding community worker, the business head, the would-be students and directors of drama, and the local playwrights. There is another group whose initial interest is the idea for creative play and informal recreation provided by the members of the organization.

Many and varied as its appeals, the results of the Little Theatre on Main Street are increasingly satisfactory. Not only have Main Street's fathers and mothers been led along the highway to culture, but junior dramatics and marionette shows have provided openings for children to appear on the stage during the years when the dramatic susceptibilities are keenest and the acting is not self-conscious.

On one Iowa Main Street, a Little Theatre Guild called the Dramatic Club was organized with a membership of approximately 100, all with some slight experience. In due time the first program included six one-act plays, two of which had been written by members of the club. After some months more difficult and artistic plays were presented. Towards the close of the year a meeting was held to decide upon a play as the finale of the sea-

son. Opinion was divided; one side voted for an ultra-modern three-act farce; the other side desired to try Shakespeare. The main argument against Shakespeare was that "the play would not go over." A vote was cast and Shakespeare received a slight majority. As the play was to be given in the month of June, "A Midsummer's Night Dream" was chosen with the idea of presenting it out of doors. The director was so delighted with the decision that she offered to coach the players free of charge, and a friend of the club offered her spacious lawn for the outdoor production. The setting was the natural landscape, trees and shrubs, with entrances and exits in the gaps in the shrubbery. Almost every player made his own costume, the fairies even surprising themselves by their cleverness in devising wings. The business manager, who happened to be an electrician, arranged beautiful lighting effects. The date was set with the proviso that if there were a storm, the play would be produced on the next clear evening. Tickets however were redeemable in case of storm. The club, too, had the foresight to take out rain insurance. Storm there was and a severe one, but the play was presented the following evening with a record-breaking attendance. One girl who had witnessed the play wrote in a letter later: "Before seeing your production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I never could endure Shakespeare. Since seeing it I have become a Shakespeare enthusiast. My sister and I together have read aloud eight of his plays this summer: *Richard II*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Henry IV*, *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, and *Julius Caesar*. The last four I had struggled through in high school, but I reread them with a different attitude and an eye on their dramatic possibilities. Such insight and such humor I have never read before!" This is the statement of a girl who is anything but "literary minded."

It has never been denied that the drama as a combination of the arts is a great teacher. Witness the effects on Main Street. If the Little Theatre could not enlighten sophisticated Broadway, it could and did awaken Main Street. Even Broadway, however, was not altogether immune; it adopted many of the innova-

tions of the Little Theatre; but it is Main Street, lonely, left-out Main Street, that profited most by the best which the Little Theatre has to offer.



AT THE CONSECRATION

*There came a sudden pause, while all about
I felt an air of hushed expectancy,
As though a crowd of people craned to see
The passing face of some great man.*

*Throughout
The place a silence fell; feet were still,
Restless children hushed their whimpering,
The rustle of turning pages ceased; everything
Was for the moment motionless, until
The tinkling of a bell released a sigh
That echoed and reechoed through the place.*

*Bowed heads one by one were lifted high
And quietly there shone on every face
The soft reflection of a light that will not die.
Jesus of Nazareth had just passed by.*

VIRGINIA COOPER



"STAND-BY"

GORDON I. HENRY

In that indefinite era humorously referred to as "the good old days," when Marconi contented himself with macaroni, and radio was no more than a puzzled expression on his classic Latin profile, the phrase "stand-by" referred specifically to a certain subterfuge or alibi practiced by husbands with an inferiority complex. It usually assumed the form: "But, my dear, I was only down to the club with a few of the boys making merry!" The last two words in this admission are unfortunate, inasmuch as they were invariably misunderstood by the embittered-half and an argument was precipitated, culminating not infrequently in physical combat. But to the veteran of radio broadcasting, be he an operator, a production man, or, unhappily, an announcer, this time-honored phrase has acquired a radically different significance today. We shall try to be brief, doubtless unsuccessfully.

A "stand-by" in the popular parlance of the air denotes a period of varying duration in the course of which, at irregular and embarrassing intervals, a mike is switched on to permit a fleet-footed announcer to race from the monitoring booth, telephone booth, or any other given booth, and intone the station break. This is the simplest phenomenon of the stand-by, but there are others infinitely more complicated that require a highly developed technique and a sense of humor.

Let us assume for the purpose, if any, of this article, that at 4 P. M. Central Daylight Starving Time we are to be favored with a program, say from Washington, D. C., featuring Stanley Bell assisted by the Navy Band. As the zero hour approaches, the

production man assigned to the stand-by inaugurates a frenzied search for musicians, who, like policemen, are never on hand when needed most. In a few minutes he will return empty-handed, and with a wealth of vocabulary more expressive than refined. This was expected. At 3:59 most of the missing musicians will file noisily into the studio. It appears that they have been enjoying a sociable game of cards, but have now cleared the deck for action.

During their absence your announcer has been hovering uneasily in close proximity to the mike, vaguely wondering what to do in the event that the chain program fails to come in on the introductory cue. Should he touch lightly upon the salient arguments for and against—the Gold Standard,—Prohibition,—Birth Control? What to do in case of snake bite? Each possible topic is rejected by the incumbent at the mike because of his inadequate personal knowledge of the subject subconsciously suggested. And, mind you, this mental phantasmagoria takes place in the transient interlude of thirty seconds. The arrival of the musicians, however, temporarily alleviates the cerebral tension, and at a signal from the production man the announcer proclaims slowly, distinctly, and hopefully: “The next program comes from Washington, D. C.” and prays to whatever gods may be that it will! We are happy to say that the formula generally succeeds.

A reassuring wave from the operator indicates that the remote program has assumed control of all circuits; but for how long? There’s always the appalling possibility that it may decide to go “hay-wire.” May we interpolate here that the letters, N. B. C. as applied to any stand-by signify: “Nertz, Bewilderment, Consternation!” Royce Colon has a different interpretation, but owing to the high moral tone of this publication, and our own sense of propriety, we cannot include it in this treatise. We shall be pleased, however, if the popular demand justifies it to mail a copy of the “Colon” interpretation to anyone who accompanies his request with a three-cent stamp and three promising telephone numbers. Pardon the digression.

If your powers of persuasion are sufficiently effective you may induce the stand-by musicians to prepare an emergency program.

At any rate, there's no harm in trying, is there? Sometimes this can be achieved, but only after you have searched them for playing cards, checker boards, and other miscellanea of in-door sport. These items are then burned, with the assistance of the local constabulary amid scenes of profound melancholia. This accomplished there's really nothing further to be done until the quarter-hour station break, which may occur at any time,—and invariably does. It is a critical moment, and calls for speed and endurance on the part of the announcer. Usually the mike is placed in the nethermost corner of the largest studio available; and to make the event more sporting the intervening space is strewn with an assortment of bass viols, cellos, music stands, and collapsible chairs, calling for an exhibition of hurdling and broken field running, compared to which the Olympic games are an amateur theatrical. Needless to say, only the very highest type of men physically are selected for this rigorous assignment and few can qualify. But, oh, the feeling of pride and elation when you have reached the mike in that last ultimate spurt, made the break for dear old Barnsdall, and are then carried back to your chair amid the deafening din of cheers from those who have witnessed your exploit. I tell you, men, it's a great sensation! At best, three breaks in the course of an hour program represent the limit of a man's endurance; flesh and bone can stand no more.

Then there comes that ghastly moment when the chain program does go "hay-wire!" Or, it may be returned early, without an apology from the depraved individual responsible for the act. In either event something has to be done and done quickly. While the announcer, who by this time we hope has recovered from the preceding break, addressed the mike, the first and second violin players become involved in an argument to determine the ownership of their respective fiddles. This is terribly distracting and usually requires the services of the cello player as referee. In the absence of a cellist a piccolo player will do, but no one knows what! By this time your announcer has indicated that the Ensemble will carry on for the balance of the period, playing as their initial contribution Frederick Chopin's Preludes No. 19 and

No. 21. Immediately these talented and versatile musicians blithely launch themselves into Grieg's "March of the Dwarfs." Well, there is very little that you can do about it except to announce at the conclusion of the selection: "You have just heard the principal motifs from the suite 'A Day in Venice' by Rosse." You then cue the operator and run like h—l out of the studio!

In conclusion, it is generally agreed that the life of the average stand-by announcer constitutes a hazardous risk for any self-respecting insurance company. Well, if you'll excuse me I must run out and do my daily road work. N B Ceein' you!



YOUR NAME

*I dearly love your name. Over and over again
 Its melodic cadences bring joy to my lips.
 It is a dancing brook that skips
 Gayly over the stones; it is an old refrain
 Under the touch of a master. Joy or pain?
 Who knows which claims the melody that slips
 Fragilely beneath his fingertips?
 We only know it fills the heart, like rain.*

*Sometimes I wake in the solitude of night
 And wonder drowsily, till memory like a flame
 Brings a sudden, shy delight.
 Smiling, I doze again, your name
 On my lips like a lullaby and a quietness
 Over my being like an old caress.*

VIRGINIA COOPER



A RENAISSANCE?

LOUIS R. RAMBOUR

So determinedly, so concertedly, so effectively have Herculean forces been tearing at our political, economic, and social relationships that today the world of human societies seems drifting towards chaos, destined like other civilizations to become a broken and formless ruin. Institutions that have been building for long years through expert thought, scientific management, and skilled craftsmanship are yielding to disintegrating factors. Great dynasties of industrial achievement are slowly but surely crumbling. In the chaotic foreground rise armies of the homeless and unemployed, who with bolshevistic and communistic desperation are crying out against the prostrate Hercules. They scorn the doctrines of philosophy and political economy with which the spokesmen of the old order are attempting to revive hopes that food may come from federal boards and committees, or that raiment may result from an indictment of the machine age under the euphonius true bill of "technological unemployment." They are ripe for revolt against the modern systems of budgeting and spending that gouge the pocket and leave empty the recesses of aching and despairing hearts.

Relationships, too, between the intellectual and the spiritual, between moral and social values are so distorted by new theories and new teachings that a whole world of unthinking radicals choke the avenues to cultural pursuits. Inspiration has given place to consternation; progression to thoughts of rebellion or revolution. Dark to inky blackness is the world picture today. Each line in it has been limned by pain, suffering and unhappi-

ness. In our own America the possibility of influencing industrial society presents a dismal and cheerless picture. For, where standards of living are niggardly, the heart is too heavy to raise a poet's eye toward glimmering ribbons of sunset, too heavy to use enforced leisure for the creation of soul-stirring symphonies. They can only with difficulty be led to learn anew the independence of the human spirit, the trick of adjustment to circumstances and the art of self-help.

Not very unlike the hunted creatures of the tangled ways, man pauses in the midst of his fateful and perilous course. He looks backward; he looks forward. He looks inward. Questions pound at his brain for resolution. Shall the wheels of the world be turned backward to where they were forty or fifty years ago? Is this crisis but another of the arcs in the inflation-depression cycle? Is this the evolution of organization or a revolution against it? Is this the undoing of civilization? Is there no hopeful, peaceful way back to normal prosperity and to happiness? Men look to the past, they look toward the future. They must look within the heart of man if they hope to find a helpful solution. Man, at once the lord of creation and the paragon of animals, has qualities native and acquired that will enable him to find a way out.

Through the maddening maze of depression panaceas the eyes of some turn eastward with interest and sympathy to the shrouded figure of the lone, fasting Indian. In his singular opinion a return to primitive conditions is imperative. Even the exaltation of the spinning-wheel, the glorification of man's physical endurance are in the circumstances preferable to the excessive use of machines and the conditions they bring about. As high standards of living beget inequalities and discontent, resignation must be the watchword rather than aspiration. Man must work, and at manual labor, rather than think. The lean and hungry look of the thinker presages danger, for the thinker is a disturbing factor in times such as these.

Those who espouse or favor the Indian or the Russian or other Communistic theories hold that consumption should equal

or exceed production. Since, however, machines produce certain commodities faster than they can be normally consumed, manufacturing devices must be scrapped, and we must go back to primitive ways of doing things by hand. The solution, they argue, is clear. "Let the producing process be a long drawn-out affair, a matter of pick and shovel, if need be. Substitute man energy for mechanical energy. That's creating industry. That's absorbing surplus labor."

Even within the ranks of organized Labor there are not a few who maintain that we can go neatly on as in the recent past. By constructive work we can cope with the problem of unemployment. While they urge shorter and fewer working days, in the main they do not assail mass production. This, doubtless, would spread out the earning-power of labor among a larger number, yet the diminished returns would threaten to lower the living standards and reduce the widespread consumption of a large variety of marketable goods. That there is a serious problem may be gathered from the fact that church organizations operating as a council are busying themselves about the size of the family of the working classes. While the family budget may be reduced thereby, two rather serious problems are posed for solution. The practice is pernicious, contrary to accepted truth and the best interests of the race; then, too, a grave reduction in consumption inevitably results.

The present situation is one in which we fail to consume all that we are able to produce from the wealth of natural resources at our command. We are in a dilemma. Luxury loving, ease loving, we cannot bear the thought of a return to conditions of an earlier day, even though it would not necessitate driving the Indian from the window or the wolf from the door. Advanced theories, philosophical or ecological, apparently will not bear us far into the future. Today's problems do not yield to yesterday's treatment. The value of things material has changed, disintegrated in fact to such an extent that the world is

puzzled and disillusioned. Obsolete is the philosophy of the schools that fostered the development of money minds to the neglect of creative genius.

In very truth the only values that have suffered no change are those within the heart and soul of man himself. Spiritual values remain unscathed. The great truths of religion that have ever been the source of the strength of purpose of our leaders in times of national crises are at hand in their pristine freshness ready to be reshaped to meet the requirements of the day.

Again, there is a productive realm outside industry, whose finished product in no way competes with the output of the machine. This is the realm of art. What our beloved, long-suffering, distraught country needs is a Renaissance. Let us call it rather an awakening than a reawakening, since it would be difficult to prove that we as a nation have any cultural traditions at all. On the one hand we need to beget and to develop the potential artist; on the other we must awaken in the great masses of our people an appreciation and demand for the finer things of life. With so much enforced leisure it should be no task at all, and with the failure of things material, it can be made to follow as a matter of course. Here is an instance.

Stripped of many of their former natural and acquired resources, the people of Germany today find in the resourcefulness of their spiritual wealth a substitute for the circulation of money as wide in its range as are the multitudes who constitute its artist societies throughout the country. Each city has its symphony and its lecture program, while the larger centers add grand opera. Obviously the pioneering toward this movement is the story of long centuries. So it has ever been. Through the centuries Art marked its own epochs by the crowning of masters, or, as will happen, by the count of its martyrs whose genius was burdened with the incubus of poverty, yet whose masterpieces were produced without the inspiration that might have come from public patronage. Martyrs they were in that the only personal recompense was such futile gestures as the tribute now paid to the vacant tomb of Mozart. Along this cen-

ture old trail, the heritage of a bewildered people, now press on the new pioneers as stalwart as their forefathers, drawing recruits in the slow march of a twentieth century crusade against economic depression to the goal of another Renaissance.

DREAMS IN THE FLAME

JOHN WALTER REBUCK

I

THE OLD MAN'S TALE

*The campfire's gleam
And the white moonbeam
Linger awhile on the wrinkled face,
Eager to hear the drift of the dream
The aged warrior was striving to trace.
But was it a dream?*

II

SONG OF WAZHINGA-SAH-BA

*It befell long ago when the blue flag of France
Waved haughtily over the vast expanse
Of wind swept prairies,
by old Missouri fed,—
Prairies that stretched along the bed
Of the gigantic, muddy mother's flats,
Along the Niobrara, and the Platte's
Green-willowed banks.*

*The story unfolded
That Wazhing-sah-ba, called the Blackbird,
Tore his raven war-locks when he heard
His wailing sons, his weeping women cry
In vain to the great Spirit of the Sky.
Since Poncas had killed an Omaha
A Ponca has to die.
The Omahas were at the mourning place,*

*But he, their chief, had war-paint on his face,
 "Brothers or not, the Ponca dogs must die.
 'Eat up the Poncas!'" was his battlecry.
 As many as were the blades of grass
 Heard his fierce cry and were a fighting mass,
 All Ponca bent.*

*Before the war-whoop fell
 Upon the ears of the Niobrara,
 These "brothers" were in flight like sage
 Before the prairie wind. Arrayed they stood
 Behind the palisade in knightly hardihood.
 Once and again the heralds, in quest of peace
 Met their spirits in the geese
 Sent by their Sky God at their soul's release.
 At last resort, the Ponca chiefs were grim,
 The prairie light must soon for them grow dim
 And flickering vanish, unless this silent maid,—
 For certain death awaits her. Had not three
 Pipes of peace been desecrate with the
 Death-blood of their bearers brave?
 To urge her on would send her to her grave!
 Her youthful bosom heaved with fierce resolve.
 What matter if the darkening world revolve
 No more for her?*

III

SONG OF THE NIGHT-WIND-GIRL

*Why did not the Omaha's rifle blaze,
 Silently poised in the sun's level rays?
 All is silence. The war braves are still,
 The Blackening hour is come, but not with death,
 The rising moon comes out to etch
 The Ponca maid and Omaha brave against the hill.*

*For many years she was his favorite wife,
 Through bitter as through happy years of life.
 One evening like that many moons ago*

*When first he kissed her 'neath the soft moon's glow,
Maddened by the firewater of a Spanish thief,
He drew his knife and struck her dead. Stark grief
Encompassed him. Aghast his warrior*

*Soul stood out
Far from his body
On the bluff top;
He covered his head
With a buffalo robe,
He bowed his head,
He wept at her side,
Refusing to eat,
Refusing to sleep,
He wept at her side.*

*Who would have thought that they could touch his heart,
Even the chief with all his art?*

*They brought his child as he sat by with death
And placed it with his foot on its neck.*

*As he felt the soft whiteness,
He threw off the robe,
He forgot his deep sorrow,
He saw but the child.*

IV

THE OLD MAN'S TALE

*The old man dozed; the embers fell.
Could he be dreaming the things he had tried to tell,—
Reliving the past, or was it in seeming?*

*Fights no more the Omaha
Rides no more the Wazhinga-sah-ba,
When the longer days are here,
When the winds at dawn appear,
Only silence lifts her head
From the summers long since sped
O'er a people long since fled;
O'er the Omahas.*

SPRING

*Of silver sheen
With a dash of green
A fleeting, flirting glimpse;
Three ebon hues
And nightshade blues
On passing mannequins.*

*An oriole bold
In black and gold,
A crimson red macaw,
A russet wren,
A leghorn hen,
A glossy black jackdaw.*

*A whiff of lace,
A pretty face,
A frilly furbelow,
A hat askew,
A veil like dew
All hail! Ye Fashion Show.*

DOROTHY CORCORAN



THE INDIAN'S HEART SPEECH

KENNETH L. PACE

When the white man first set foot upon the North American continent he found a man skilled in warfare and master of his own potentialities. He was an orator, a trader, a friend. Closer contact with the whites caused him to lose or forfeit many of his native qualities and his brooding over his loss has made him what he is and given him his present status. He is not vocal. He expresses his thoughts as well as his feelings in a musical medium. There is no false passion, no sugary phrase or theme in his music. It is as fragrant and fresh as the mountain, the forest and the prairie of which he sings; it is simple with the simplicity of truth.

Theodore Baker made the first serious study of Indian music in 1880. He and later students have compiled some generalities common to all tribes. These common characteristics arise chiefly from the savagery prevalent in every group. The general expression "Indian music" means little that is definitive as there were about fifty-eight different linguistic stocks in America. Each had for centuries led a life intertwined with legends and customs characteristic of the particular tribe. Its music, therefore, is very closely allied to its characteristics and legends and thus we find each tribe with a music that differs from the others. It is therefore more exact to speak of Chippewa, Ojibway, Blackfoot, Omaha or Sioux music.

When a singer gives a concert or recital today, his audience may rightly expect the song and accompaniment to bear some logical relationship to each other. Suppose the accompanying

instruments were not in harmony or rhythm with the soloist. Modern music lovers would be conscious of a very strong urge to allow the ballyhooers to labor on with four walls, some seats and a ceiling. Such was not the case with the son of the prairie. When the Indian sang, he beat out his own tomtom rhythms and the arm that wielded the drumstick never heard tell of the voice although they belonged to the same man. By gestures and pantomime his songs virtually became accompaniments to dances. Observers also find that seldom or never are Indian songs sung simultaneously by both male and female voices.

All music is based on a system of scales. Let us compare the scales on which modern and primitive music are built, for the two are radically different. Our system is diatonic, that is, based on half-tones; while the notes in the Indian scale are adiatonic, divided into quarter-tones or sometimes even smaller intervals. An octave of our music contains thirteen tones; the same space in the Indian scale is divided into some thirty or forty divisions. We must either condemn the red-skinned vocalist for singing out of tune or concede that he is far in advance of our system. Because of the small intervals between tones the Indian has never put two or three notes together in harmony. When we hear compositions based on Indian themes by modern artists and composers, we must remember that the individuality of original Indian melodies is lost because they are distorted to conform to our scale system.

In his book on *American Primitive Music*, Frederick R. Burton says of Indian flute music: "If the young man has not the courage to declare himself openly to his sweetheart, he hides himself in the bushes near her family teepee at sunrise, knowing that according to Indian domestic customs, she will be the first to rise and go to the neighboring spring for water preliminary to the preparation of breakfast. When she appears he plays a love song on his flute. This is his declaration. She knows it is a love song from an eager suitor. She will discover his identity. What maiden in any clime would not? If she favors his suit she will make her feelings known; whereupon the

lover will forego the flute and join her at the spring. On the other hand, if she disapproves, she may tease the young swain by giving no sign whatever, compelling him to repeat his serenade until discouragement overcomes desire." The red-skin also makes his prayer or invocation with a flute melody that is an appeal to Deity. "Surely the Great Spirit will hear my prayer." Since instrumental music was unknown to primitive tribes the flute was used only as a substitute for the voice.

The original possessors of North American forests have many scalp-dance songs, a great number of songs for popular dances, songs of victory and of mourning, of gambling and of work. The corn-grinding songs of the Pueblos are typical of the work songs of every tribe. Medicine men, claiming to derive their power from certain animals, alone possess songs for healing ailments. Among other types, love songs are comparatively modern and are often connected with disappointments. When a guest arrives, a visitor's song with appropriate words is used. As folk songs really show the heart of a nation, so these are the most characteristic form of Indian music. Out of all these primitive melodies have come a few basic tones which are employed in beautiful modern music such as Rudolph Friml's "Rose Marie." One number of this musical comedy, "The Indian Love Call," is typical of all Indian music. Another number, perhaps most popular of all modern music based on Indian melodies, is "Pale Moon."

Nearly every act, ceremony and circumstance in Indian life has its corresponding musical setting in which a combination of tones lends idealism and force to the act. The Indian's harvest will not ripen without an invocation to the guardian Deity; his children will sicken and die unless a beneficent god drives away evil spirits. Birds, beasts, streams, cloud and storm, all manifestations of nature, have musical embodiments. By grotesque dress the gaudy savage hopes to appease God's wrath and to invoke His blessings. Indians believe that if one listens he will hear the whispers and songs of the pine trees uttered for the comfort of man. They also believe that all power comes from

the sun. The eagle, the only bird that can fly directly into the face of the sun, is the living spirit of both the earth (their mother) and sun (their god). Eagles are sacred and even worshipped by Indians.

In the poem "Miantowana," Thomas Bailey Aldrich expresses the red man's love of legends and pride in race-ownership of the country.

*Let us revere them,
These wildwood legends
Born of the camp-fire.
Let them be handed
Down to our children.
Richest of heirlooms.
No land may claim them:
They are ours only
Like our grand rivers,
Like our vast prairies,
Like our dead heroes.*

Since the pale-face has driven the son of the forest across the North American continent, the Indian has found it necessary to confine himself to a closer range. He may no longer go on hunts and warpaths with boisterous songs and yells. An old chieftain comprehended the problem clearly and put it into a speech to his tribesmen. He said: "Do you see the whites living upon the seeds, while we eat flesh; that each of the wonderful seeds they sow returns to them a hundredfold? The flesh on which we live has four legs on which to escape and we have but two on which to pursue and capture it. The grain remains where the white man plants it and grows. With them winter is a rest period, while with us it is a period of laborious hunting. I say, therefore, to everyone who will hear me, that before the cedars of your village shall have died down with age and the maple trees have ceased to give us sugar, the race of

the little brown seed eaters will exterminate the race of the flesh eaters, unless their huntsmen become sowers.”

The Indian has refused to become a sower, with the result that the United States government has had to establish reservations on which the Indians have villages with supply stores where they may get provisions for the asking. In their cabins, some Indians have parlor organs. They have been taught by ministers and other missionary teachers to play accompaniment to native songs on their organs. A great many have learned to sing and enjoy American church hymns. The modern Indian has risen high enough to appreciate music in its purer forms. He no longer needs words as pegs on which to hang his tune; and in this respect the North American Indian is becoming musically educated.



LITTLE LOVE SONGS

I

*Your mouth is lovely as the lilac tree in spring,
Soft as the first warm wind from the south;
Such a pretty, tender thing,
Your mouth.*

II

*When you talk it is a sweet and joyous sound.
Some people's voices sedately walk;
Yours frolics and dances all around
When you talk.*

VIRGINIA COOPER

THE HOLY YEAR

*On every hand is heard the mournful cry
Of battling thousands locked in mortal throe,
Deserted by the gods they held so high
In days of plenty and material show.
Despair is creeping through the battle lines
Till watchful Pius makes an urgent plea,
A truce he begs to fashion new designs
In keeping with man's final destiny.
The truce, a Holy Year, sees men at toil
To alter values and revise their goals,
To sow ambitions on more fruitful soil
And shun, with Heaven's guidance, former shoals,
Where flounder now the slaves of power and greed
Who worshipped wealth and spurned man's greater need.*

PHOEBE McCARTHY



LADY EILEEN LINDSAY

THOS. EDWARD KANE

It lacked an hour to sunset when I left Dunlavin. With the heat and the dust of the Dublin road behind me, I looked forward to a swift, cool ride south and east across the Slaney river into the heart of Wicklow. As the sun hung above the horizon I noted between the hawthorne's whiteness and the golden furze long, low roofs and then a great house upon a hill. The beauty of the place, set among trees and flowers, the hint of hospitality in its many broad chimneys of native stone, made me involuntarily slack my pace and so, when I rounded a bend in the road and saw the gates which a man was just entering, I stopped. He was about thirty-five, rather tall and superbly built. At the sound of my car he turned and smiling, raised his eyebrows in a polite question.

"Good evening," I said, returning the smile. "Could you tell me whose house that is up there?" I pointed to the windows above now gleaming in the sunset.

"That is Lady Eileen Lindsay's house," he answered quietly as he approached the car. "You admire the place?"

"Very much," I answered, "it seems very old."

He leaned against the door and gazed at me pleasantly with his light blue eyes.

"Yes, it is very old. Few strangers observe as much thinking it a restoration complete with millionaire and all. You do not think it a restoration?"

"No," I answered, "from this distance it seems very old."

He shifted his position a little; I could see that my answer had pleased him.

"The house," he said shortly, "seems as authentic at a much closer range. See how the roofs catch the sunset; those slate shingles have been there for over two centuries. Inside is paneling that seems as old and mellow." He hesitated; then in a peculiar challenging way he continued, "Yes, they seem as old, yet they were replaced only two years ago!"

Although my acquaintance was presumably an Englishman, he had none of the race's reticence, so I asked him to sit in the car with me and explain. He accepted at once and took up the narrative.

"Back of it all," he said, "is the story of Lady Eileen Lindsay, the mistress of that house." Here the blue eyes turned full upon me, and he continued gravely, "I always tell this story to those who admire the house; they appreciate the significance and beauty of it.

"Lady Eileen was Eileen O'Connell and unmarried when her father died and left her this estate. She was well loved by all her tenants and was then, as she is now, the most beautiful woman in Ireland. About five years ago during her annual visit to Dublin for the social season she fell in love with Sir Thomas Lindsay, an Englishman, and they were married. They came here to live and Lindsay forgot everything in the pleasure of Eileen's company and the beauty of the house. During the first year he frequently told her, half jokingly, that if he thought that he would have to leave the place with no prospect of return, it would all but drive him mad.

"Just one thing disturbed the happiness of that first year. Lindsay, not yet attuned to Ireland and the tenderness of it, was inclined to be a bit hard on the tenants. Lady Eileen on her part would not allow the rents raised, nor would she permit evictions from her land. At first she and her husband treated the difference lightly as an amusing incident, but before the year was over he had openly quarreled with her about it. In all this, however, she remained affectionate but firm.

“The tenants were good fellows, though at times a little excitable, and so on one occasion when Sir Thomas was particularly obnoxious they rather hastily decided that something must be done about it. Now this may seem incredible but it happened. One night Lindsay got a rather severe beating. Like a fool he lost his head and on reaching home accused Lady Eileen of conniving with his assailants.

“Lady Eileen was shocked and, sensing the trend events might take, tried to reason with the man. Well, as he was something of a fool, though he still loved her, he decided to leave. All through the next summer Lady Eileen bravely cared for the flowers he had especially loved and kept the house lovely and sweet. Lindsay did not return, however, and the gentry round about put him down as the cad that he was and forgot him. Each evening when the lights were turned on in the great library, and later, in the autumn and winter when the hearth was lighted, Lady Eileen could not but think of him and cried a little. You see, she still loved him.

“Strange as it may seem, one day last summer Lindsay returned and without warning. He came after some books that he needed. As he turned his car into the long drive he tried to steel his heart against the magic of the golden house of aged stone. He went to the garden in search of Eileen. She saw him first and ran to him with a welcome, but he simply stated his business and proceeded to the library to get the books. He ransacked the shelves and with hardly a word of thanks, hurried away.

“The night was clear and the moonlight glowed on the hawthorne along the winding road. Somehow he began to picture the library as it used to be in the evening, doors wide open to the coolness and fragrance of the night with the stars and great Irish moon in the sky,—and Eileen there with him. Then he thought of the same room as he saw it that day. Instantly he felt that something was wrong. What was it? At the east end of the room the book shelves used to be on the left of the fireplace and the cabinets on the right. The shelves he had seen that day were on the right side of the fireplace! He recalled, too, that there

had been no cars in the garage and no signs of luxury about the place at all. He drove on mechanically for hours pondering these points. At dawn he turned back and drove south again.

"On his arrival at the village here a question or two made the whole thing clear. Fire had gutted the house the preceding winter. Remembering Lindsay's love of the house and confident that he would return, Lady Eileen had the house rebuilt as nearly like the original as possible. The interior was all that needed complete replacement. She apparently did not recall on which side of the fireplace the bookcases along the east wall had been. Sir Thomas Lindsay however remembered. He went up to try to make amends, and of course Lady Eileen Lindsay forgave him."

After a moment of awed silence the narrator climbed out of the car.

"What a lucky man," I said almost in a whisper. "And but for a bookcase . . ."

"Yes," answered he, "Lindsay was the greatest fool on earth, and his happiness as well as her's hinged on that one little thing."

Suddenly through the dusk lights flashed from the long room above and a slim figure appeared in the French windows. We both looked up.

"Well, good-night," he said, and he was already at the gate.

My motor sprang to life and as I resumed my way I called back, "Good-night, Sir Thomas Lindsay." He went whistling up the drive to where she waited.





BERNICE

LEE WELCH

It had been a sultry July day. After dinner in quest of a breeze I took the "lift" to the roof of the Club. There was Madison Square Garden, the alley facade of Roxy's, even the Statue of Liberty dim in the distance. Far below were human ants, busses, serpentine elevated trains; on the flat roofs and roof gardens in the district were theatrical performers and smart stepping chorines resting before the evening performance.

"Pleasant view, isn't it?"

The voice awakened me with a start. I turned. A somewhat corpulent body, one expansive smile, met my gaze.

"I was just musing on the size of your city," I replied half apologetically.

"So I heard. You were musing aloud," he laughed. "My name is Hawley, Matt Hawley."

"Delighted, Mr. Hawley," I said, and introduced myself. "I was just thinking of the many stories that could be woven from the lives of those millions down below."

Hawley was silent for a moment.

"No end to them, I suppose. They're just happening all the time. You know it was—but let's take a chair. I always talk better sitting down. It's about ten years since I met a little girl that makes my story. I had left school and was working in a furniture store in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Ever hear of it?"

"Don't believe I have."

"Well, anyway, my girl friend came to be the attraction at the neighboring drug store. Whenever business was dull I used

to slip over for a malted milk. We became rather well acquainted. One morning I asked her if she would object to my showing her how to mix a drink to my taste. As I was compounding the ingredients I noticed a gold football dangling from a chain around her neck.

"Engaged to an All-American?"

She smiled as only she could smile.

"You know," she said, "it's terribly hard for a stranger to get acquainted here."

"Oh, ho," I thought, "here's the bait."

"Then you're not a native of this thriving metropolis?"

"No, I live with my married sister."

As she was lamenting her misfortune I had a chance to study her. She was a rather tall, slender girl, Nordic perhaps, blond hair looped over her ears, brown luminous eyes that fascinated me. From the first I had been attracted to her, but it now began to dawn on me that she was a very pretty girl.

"There's really no reason why anyone should be lonesome in our Twin Cities," I assured her. "There's a dance at the gym Friday. I'll take you over and introduce you to the boys."

Bernice proved so excellent a dancer that I forgot the rest of my promise. From that day our friendship developed into a promising romance and we began to make plans. Then one fine morning I found that a fire had gutted the furniture store during the night. Try as I did I couldn't land another job. After some weeks I decided to go to Chicago. There it was the same story. Naturally correspondence lagged and in time ceased entirely. Luck eventually helped me to a job at Hartman's. I wrote at once to Bernice but after a few weeks the letter was returned marked "Not here." With the passing months I tried to forget, but somehow I simply couldn't. After the Christmas holidays I obtained a protracted leave of absence and at once set out on the quest. The next morning I was in Council Bluffs. With light steps I walked down Broadway to the old house. It was vacant. I thumbed the directory until I found her sister's

address and hurried to the new residence. She greeted me cordially enough, but I soon sensed that something was wrong.

"Where's Bernice?" I inquired.

"She's gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"To Arizona. Phoenix is the name of the town."

"Lungs?"

"Yes."

Thanking her I left at once. That night I was on the train heading for the desert country. It was a long journey and every hour seemed like a day. A thousand different thoughts haunted me. Finally the train arrived at Phoenix. I went direct to the address. An elderly lady answered the bell.

"Does Bernice live here?" I inquired.

"Yes, she did, but she has moved."

"Can you tell me her address?"

"She didn't leave an address. She had but one living relative and she never heard from her."

"Was she very sick?"

"No, the doctor said that she had but a slight congestion which would clear up in a month or two."

"Thank God for that!" I added fervently.

The way I said it seemed to touch the woman, for in a tone that showed her interest she exclaimed half questioningly:

"Surely, you're not Matt?"

"Why, yes. Did she ever mention me?"

"My dear boy that's all she ever talked about when we sat on the porch in the evening,—except when Henry came over."

"Henry?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned that. It was very tactless."

"Now that you have mentioned it, let's hear the rest of it."

"There really isn't much more, except that Henry had often asked her to marry him."

"And did she?"

"I don't know. She used to say that she could never love anyone else as she loved Matt."

I was stunned.

"Why didn't you write?" she asked after a pause.

"That's just what I'm trying to figure out."

"She was always looking forward to a letter from you. She got terribly blue when she thought that perhaps you were married to someone else."

"Do you think she is still in town?"

"It's hard to say. When she got the blues I was afraid she would do something rash. I tried to cheer her and asked her why she didn't marry Henry. Then she would begin to cry and go to her room."

"Well, I am grateful to you for your kindness to her and I thank you for the information you have given me."

I walked ceaselessly up one street and down another. When I went back to the hotel for a bite to eat, I discovered that I was not hungry. The conversation with the landlady kept coursing through my mind,—Henry—afraid she might do something rash—got so blue at times. A whole week I spent combing the town, but she had completely dropped from sight. I looked over the death notices in the old files of the newspapers. I inquired of the undertakers if an unidentified girl had been found. Despairing of ever seeing her again I boarded a train for Chicago, with a stop over at Council Bluffs.

To me Council Bluffs was not a city of happy memories. The buildings seemed to mock me as I walked about. The old haunts where I had spent so many pleasant evenings now held no attraction for me. I found myself at the scene of our budding romance. A new building stood in its place, housing furniture store, drug store,—all the old firms. I was about to enter the old store, but stopped dead in my tracks. "Why open old wounds?" I thought. "Better go back to Chicago and forget all about it."

I must have compromised, for I passed up the old employer and by force of habit turned in— And then I found her!” Suddenly Matt stopped short.

I sat up at the abrupt conclusion of Hawley’s story. His face wore the “poker” expression of one who has suffered.

“She was so beautiful in her simple white gown,” he was saying, “she looked so tranquil, so utterly at peace. Relaxed, her hands joined, her long eyelashes covering the lower lids, her head resting against the marble.”

“Then—she—was dead!” I tried to say in a voice that was all sympathy.

“Dead? No! She was leaning back against the old soda fountain.”



AFTERWARDS

*Dusk and the yellowing density of rain,
And in my heart deep quiet after pain.*

*Without, the faint cool sound of rain on leaves,
And twittering birds beneath the sheltering eaves.*

*Gone are the ceaseless groping for law and key;
Instead, the peace of quiet certainty.*

*The fresh, wet scent of the distant moor
Comes on the wind through the open door.*

*Dusk and the quiet solitudes of rain,
And in my heart a wind-swept peace again.*

VIRGINIA COOPER

EXPECTANCY

*I heard a silver trumpet blow
Far in the night; I heard your sigh,
A sight and nothing more; but lo,
What held their echoes in the sky?*

*I heard a silver trumpet blow
Across the skies of yesterdawn,
Mayhap you charmed the moonlight so
It fled with you . . . I was alone.*

*You came from out the golden dawn
And stood before me, saw my plight;
Now must I ever wait upon
The Golden Trumpet of the night.*

JOHN WALTER REBUCK



A FABLE FOR FRESHMEN

PHILIP DOWNEY

It had been a rather grey day. Now, an hour before dark, the meager light that filtered through the heavy evening air made the world as sombre as my own thoughts. My usual evening walk had not brightened the outlook. As I turned a corner the shouts and merry peals of children's laughter up the block burst in upon my musings in wholesome contrast. Soon I was upon them. The youngsters, deprived of the seasonable diversions offered by snow and ice, had taken to their roller-skates. They were far from expert. An odd one, who had caught the trick, essayed a burst of speed and dodged in and out with the affected nonchalance of an equilibrist. Others struggled to bring about a truce between perverse feet that would not be reconciled. One lad was bending over a loosened skate; another, after repeated efforts to rise, just when all seemed secure tumbled like a church tower; a third, the victim of runaway feet, was careening to certain disaster; a fourth was in the preliminaries of a neat tail spin. Ungraceful? Yes! But what a magnificent display of effort; what impatience of defeat!

A greeting to the group met with cheery response, but the enthusiastic note came from the adepts who were anxious to give an exhibition of their skill. The others returned my greeting with a smile or a nod and lost themselves again, each in his own particular problem. I passed on and the shouts of the group died away. Somehow the picture lingered.

Up the street the lighted windows of the college gymnasium caught my eye. As I approached, a steadily increasing din, punctuated at times by staccato shouts, came to my ears. The doors swung open and I was inside. The crowd commonly known as the yearlings had the floor. At one end, two lines of candidates converged upon the basket in a well known formation, executing two lightning passes and a leap in the air for the goal. Moving at random about the center ring, a good half dozen were engaged in perfecting the delicate shift of balance that prefaces a clean pivot; under the other basket, five men indulged in a dizzy game of pivots, feints and passes that culminated in a throw for the basket. As I moved along the sidelines, I nodded to or addressed one or other players who happened to be within range and not too preoccupied at the moment to return the salute. But no sooner had they paid the tithe which courtesy demanded than they turned back to the business of the moment. There was a zest and rhythm in their movements, a flash in their eyes that denoted attention at its focal point. An unobtrusive figure in street clothes moved among them, addressing a sharp word here, a nod of approval there. As he approached the various groups, sharp, inquisitive glances were shot in his direction as the players strained to calculate every variation of his mood. His least rebuke was the signal for closer concentration and a burst of renewed energy; a word of praise, the signal for redoubled efforts to outstrip even the dizzy summit of the ideal that coaches have.

Even at a leisurely pace one soon makes the circuit of the basketball floor. During short intervals in which some change in the paces was introduced, I managed to exchange a word or two about the game with a few promising youths who happened to be near the sidelines. But I noticed that these were furtive words, stolen from the work in hand, so I soon passed through the swinging doors and the general din gave way to the quiet of the outdoors.

I might have been a bit resentful at their casual greetings and the thinly disguised impatience; for after all, these were my

students. Tomorrow I would face them in the classroom as usual. My feelings were varied, but resentment had no part in them. I was secretly glad. Here were young men whose interest, enterprise, and concentration in the classroom, if measured by scholastic standards, was all but negative; yet, this same group displayed in basketball practice a fixity of purpose, a burst of enthusiasm, an exuberance of effort that was beyond criticism.

Are these alert, energetic, vitally interested youths the same placid, vacant-eyed, disinterested tenpins that will shuffle into a classroom, drape themselves comfortably over the benches, and settle down to pass an unfruitful hour on the morrow? Is it possible that these boys who respond to the slightest nod or gesture of their coach, are the same who will catch questions perhaps only on second bounce, and then, likely enough, fumble hopelessly? Ninety minutes is about the usual period for either basketball games or practice with close attention demanded as to every detail; yet, the same fellows who think nothing of that tax will come to class and after the supreme effort of paying attention for ten minutes will abandon the struggle and let their minds go browsing in the Elysean fields of youthful fancy. They respond to the same names at roll call, but otherwise they might be different people.

As I strolled on trying to evade the unflattering analogy, an axiom of a master of pedagogy and a natural teacher echoed back, "establish the *learning situation*." Yes, by all means the learning situation; but, how? He, too, had been a bit evasive on this point. Without doubt I had just been privileged to witness an example of the learning situation at its peak. In that gymnasium there was the maximum fixity of purpose combined with the utmost liberality of effort.

So, where feelings of resentment and pique might have prevailed, a sense of something akin to envy crept over me. Here was the happy combination I had always looked for, but had so rarely found. Instead of the enviable union mentioned above, I had, with few exceptions, met only with its staggering op-

posite: the maximum absence of purpose in league with an utter niggardliness of effort. Those tense figures on the court were taxing themselves to the last ounce of energy every minute, yet they paid not the slightest heed to the cost. One thing alone counted: to master the movement involved. I could scarcely suppress a bitter smile as I pictured the vision of dismay that would come upon those countenances tomorrow as I announced the regular weekly assignment. How these same youths will kick against the goad, and weigh the effort involved in every line of that assignment, and in a thousand ways make it known what a burden they think it all!

Back in my rooms some of the sting of futility and defeat that had haunted my musings mellowed in the congenial atmosphere of my study. As I drew up to my desk to prepare a lecture for the morrow, the distressing contrast returned with all its unnerving force. To make the preparation I must visualize the class to which it is to be addressed. So in imagination I stand before my charges. It is an old picture. But tonight there is something disconcerting about it. Behind each relaxed figure and apathetic face, there arises another picture, this one instinct with vitality, energy and purpose,—the person as I saw him on the gymnasium floor.

Then in mocking tones comes the challenge: "Make your lecture as interesting and attractive as the coach succeeds in making his, and see the class snap into action." It is a bit of venerable, if not hoary bunk, for which I had fallen in the past. Tonight I refused to yield ground. For some time I had been sensing the lurking fallacy behind this specimen of pedagogical quackery. Now I decided to look it squarely in the face. It may have a modicum of truth, and again it may not. The fallacy, however, like most other errors to which human intellects have subscribed, lies in trying to stretch a point beyond reason.

Gradually the issue "make it interesting," clarified and as my thoughts reverted to my charges, a voice said: "Feed them with a spoon." If it is a question of interest, intelligent and sustained, what are the factors that make for interest? New-

ness or novelty is undoubtedly one factor, but perhaps the least. The thing that is novel holds attention for the moment, but soon loses its appeal. Mere novelty never sustained attention; rather the other way round. Abiding interest makes us sharpen our ears the moment a word is dropped concerning a matter that means something to us. Sound psychology readily assures us that a far more fruitful source of interest is knowledge. As knowledge of a subject grows upon us, less effort is required to keep the mind fixed upon it. As long as we are learning our interest seems to grow.

The matter of interest then is not one man's burden. The teacher and the student are in a kind of partnership. Quite obviously it devolves upon the teacher to bear the brunt of stimulating interest in the initial stages; but just as surely will it be the student's duty to carry his share in maintaining that interest as progress is made. I could well afford to scout the blatant platitude. As advance is made in any science, just to that degree does this formula lose its force. "If you make your course as interesting to us as basketball is, we shall learn. Otherwise,—well, the fault lies with you." That may have held in the kindergarten; it does not hold in the graduate school. In college it is already dead.

There was deep consolation in meeting face to face this bit of venerable sophistry. There was solace in the thought that the situation is not and cannot be solely the teacher's problem. But how to make the student see it? That far too many students count it a distinct misfortune or loss to have done more work than is actually required, is too painfully evident to need comment. That many of them are wavering in their purpose, utterly lacking in sustained determination to improve, even they are frank enough to admit. But how to tell them that their attitude is in direct opposition to all that education means?

Tomorrow at the opening of class, I shall lay the whole matter before them in the most emphatic monosyllables at my command. I have on other occasions set forth far simpler facts in the most concrete manner possible, only to have them ignored

by some and hopelessly misconstrued by others. Then, one must not lose sight of the going discount rate in student circles. "No mere professor is ever to be taken literally; at least thirty-three and one-third per cent is to be deducted under all conditions, and another ten is to be taken off, if he speaks with the least degree of warmth."

If not the living word of mouth, then surely the written word will teach them! I see it now! What this situation demands is an ultimatum. Immediately the multigraph comes to mind. It will invest my message with a degree of permanence that the spoken word could never attain! Alas! half the students will postpone the reading for the moment, and when they come to look for the paper, it will be lost. Others may peruse it, but in a halting, garbling way that inflicts violence even on the masters. A shudder comes over me at the thought of what will become of my terse sentences when subjected to an awkward pause midway between subject and verb. No; it will never do. What I need is an allegory, a fable for freshmen.

We can forgive your inability to perceive much that is for your ultimate good, but your failure to grasp a simple analogy leaves us baffled and undone. There must be some impish perversity that is blinding you to a simile so apparent. On the basketball court you would not think of counting steps or of weighing effort. There you seem sure that generosity even to the point of prodigality is imperative if success is to be won. No, lads, we are not holding up an ideal that is beyond your reach. We are prepared to meet and do battle with *ignorance*, *lack of preparation*, and even with a bit of downright *laziness*. It is not any of these that fill us with dismay; it is your deliberate conspiracy against learning. If we are to tilt against this lusty trio day by day, we need loyal seconds in our corner to cheer us on and to assure us that the fight is on the square. Your place is not lounging comfortably in the ringside boxes where, for all we know, you may be counting the odds against us, and laying your money on the adversary.



JUSTICE CARDOZO

EPHRAIM L. MARKS

When towards the close of 1931 Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes announced his retirement from the Supreme Court of the United States, dismay struck the hearts of the liberals of the nation. The snowy-haired, nonagenarian justice, one of the great intellectuals of our history, had been for years the mainstay of the forces of progress and humanitarianism in our highest tribunal. Now, thought many, there was no one forceful enough to countervail the conservative tendencies of such justices as Butler, McReynolds and Sutherland. When, however, it became known that the judicial mantle of the venerable justice had fallen upon the shoulders of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, dismay gave way to rejoicing among those who had feared for the broader quality of our Supreme Court. In the short, slight figure, with the thin, patrician nose, the broad forehead and dark, brilliant eyes, they saw the man who was fittest to be the successor of the great Holmes.

Cardozo, whose ancestors had migrated from Spain and settled in New York before the revolution, comes from a long line of teachers, rabbis, lawyers, and judges. Upon his graduation from Columbia University at 19, young Ben Cardozo read law, as was the custom, in a lawyer's office. After one year he passed the bar examination and entered upon the practice of law. Like many another young lawyer he was soon disgusted with the sordid details of what in these days is frankly called "the law business." Unlike many of his colleagues, however, Cardozo did not compromise with his professional ethics, nor did

he retire into other less colorful pursuits. So able did this young man prove himself in the investigation of the law that governed his cases, and so apt at phrasing his findings in clear-cut, forceful arguments, that older lawyers began to entrust their appeals to him. He soon manifested a power that few others possessed.

In 1914 Cardozo was elected to the State Supreme Court. It was but natural in the circumstances that the Court of Appeals, the highest in the state, should seek for itself a representative of such outstanding ability. Within a month after assuming the robes of office of the State Supreme Court, Cardozo was called to the Court of Appeals. There he remained, endorsed by both political parties, until he was called to the Federal Supreme Court in February, 1932. In 1926, twelve years after reaching the bench, Cardozo became the chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals. It was largely because of his intelligently judicial leadership that the New York Court has taken its preeminent position as one of the most advanced and liberal tribunals in America. There is no space to tell here of the many progressive and forward-looking rulings which the Court adopted largely by reason of his enlightened leadership. The large number of unanimous decisions and the few dissenting opinions during his term as chief justice bear witness to Cardozo's powers of argument, persuasion and tact.

We are, however, more interested in Cardozo the judge than in Cardozo the man. What qualities did he bring to the Supreme Court? The outstanding characteristic of his make-up as lawyer and judge is his philosophy of law. He conceives of the law not as a body of fixed, immutable principles unchanged and unchangeable for all time, but as a mass of shifting, fluid rules of conduct, which ebb and flow according to the changing customs of society, the new findings of science, and the fluctuating standards of value; these, however are regarded as firmly grounded in a sub-stratum of human reason. Let Cardozo himself describe his views. In one of his essays, he says: "We live in a world of change. If a body of laws were in existence

adequate for the civilization of today, it could not meet the demands of the civilization of tomorrow. Society is inconstant. So long as it is inconstant, and to the extent of such inconstancy, there can be no constancy in law. The kinetic forces are too strong for us." Again he says: "Nothing is stable. . . All is fluid and changeable. . . I was much troubled in spirit in my first years on the bench to find out how trackless was the ocean on which I had embarked. I sought for certainty. I have become reconciled to uncertainty, because I have grown to see it is inevitable."

Nothing could be farther from the traditional view of the law as held by great judges of the past. I fear that John Marshall would turn in his grave were he to hear Cardozo expound his principles. For it was Marshall who was the leading exponent of the doctrine that the law is a static and crystallized set of rules fixed and unvarying for all time. The law was to him like a cabinet with many pigeonholes, each containing a rule of law. To decide a case amounted merely to picking the appropriate principle from the appropriate pigeonhole. Decision followed inevitably from established premises.

Cardozo is a representative of the modern school of thought which approaches the law in neither a dogmatic nor a positive spirit. Like science itself, law has of late years abandoned its early air of dogmatism; it no longer professes to have captured the whole truth, nor does it attempt to answer all questions categorically. The law is forced to admit that it is merely groping towards the truth, the whole of which can never be revealed. Judges are and must be content with approximations. Cardozo, borrowing from the technique of science, announces his decisions not as rulings, but as hypotheses. The rule of law which he announces is the best for present circumstances, but he recognizes that altered patterns of behavior, some new finding of science, or some changed business or social custom, may necessitate a revision of the rule in the future. Again I quote from his works: "The development of law is conceived of more and more as the process of adaptation and adjustment. The pro-

nouncements of its ministers are timid and tentative approximations to be judged through their workings by some pragmatic test of truth."

As he realizes so fully that law depends upon changing dictates of science, social customs and economics, Cardozo holds that the bench must know and appreciate these other branches of learning, if the law is to keep abreast of present-day civilization. He is an omniverous reader in non-legal fields and his writings are full of quotations from scientists, philosophers, and economists. He reads Latin and Greek for pleasure. Not that Cardozo neglects his law for these other fields. He shows in his opinions a knowledge of law journals and treatises which amazes no one more than the editors and authors of those publications. He is that rarest and highest delight of the law professor,—a judge who decides his cases upon the basis upon which the professors think it should be decided.

Like his distinguished predecessor, Justice Cardozo is noted for his warm, humane spirit and his liberal point of view. He once said in an opinion dealing with the validity of housing laws, "If the moral and physical fiber of its manhood and its womanhood is not a state concern, the question is, what is? Till now the voice of the courts has not faltered for an answer." We may surmise from this and similar declarations that Cardozo will follow the lead of Holmes in upholding the constructive social legislation of the various states.

He has no patience with the dry technicalities upon which lawyers sometimes rely. If a great principle is at stake, or if grave injustice is threatened, Cardozo is not inclined to hearken unduly to those who insist upon mere formality. For example, in a New York case, a father by habeas corpus proceedings sought to recover his child from the custody of the mother who was living in an immoral environment. Various procedural obstacles were raised by the alert counsel for the defense. Judge Cardozo brushed them aside, and in no uncertain tones declared:

"The law does not wait upon these niceties of practice; it

does not dally and dawdle when what is at stake in the contest is the safety of its ward. It leaps to the rescue with the aid of its historic writ."

In another case a husband had deserted his wife and fled from the state. The destitute wife tried to secure permission from the divorce court to use the husband's bank deposits for the support of herself and her children during his absence. The husband's lawyer objected on the ground that the absent husband was not notified, was deprived of his property "without his day in court." To this Judge Cardozo thundered:

"The law does not stand upon punctualities if there is a starving wife at home!"

Cardozo scraps old precedents when they have lost their point and validity. If conditions change, the law must divorce itself from the old and embrace the new. A famous example is the case of *MacPherson vs. Buick Motor Co.*, decided in 1916. In that case a man had been injured by being thrown out of a motor car which had defective wheels. The defects causing the accident were due to the carelessness of the manufacturer of the car. The injured man sued not the retailer from whom he bought the car, but sued the manufacturer directly, with whom he had had no dealings. The plaintiff thus ran squarely against an old ghost in the law, the rule of privity. How could he expect to hold the manufacturer, when the manufacturer had made no promises to him, did not sell him the automobile, and indeed, did not suspect his existence until after suit was brought? Another judge, more subservient to precedent, would have yielded to the old rule, would have held that since privity was necessary, the injured man could seek his redress only from the retailer. Not so Cardozo. He realized that the old rule had been outgrown, was not suited to the needs of a society using automobiles and a host of manufactured products which were rarely, if at all, purchased directly from the maker. It was held finally that the manufacturer was liable, and owed it to the ultimate purchaser to make its motor cars safe.

Cardozo has another quality that is perhaps a rare charac-

teristic. It is not often that a great lawyer is at the same time a master of pure and powerful English. The new Justice has an exceptional literary style, the equal, critics say, of any judge of the past. In his charming little book of essays and addresses, entitled "Law and Literature," there are some choice gems of expression: "I am told at times by friends that a judicial opinion has no business to be literature. The idol must be ugly, or he may be taken for a common man. The deliverance that is to be accepted without demur or hesitation must have a certain high austerity which frowns at winning graces. I fancy that not a little of this criticism is founded in misconception of the true significance of literature, or, more accurately perhaps, of literary style. To some a clearer insight has been given. There are those who have perceived that the highest measure of condensation, of short and sharp and imperative directness, a directness that speaks the voice of some external and supreme authority, is consistent, none the less, with supreme literary excellence."

Or take these opening sentences from a short address Cardozo made at the dedication of a lawyers' club:

"To the cause to which our lives are dedicated, we now dedicate a home.

"No temple this, with majesty of arch and pillar, with fretted vault and dim and awesome spaces. The genius of the spirit that will dwell within these walls is one too intimate, too friendly, too human, to be symbolized in forms designed for reverence and worship. And yet, no factory this, no mere cooperative office building, no bourse for sordid money getting, no mart of trade and commerce. The indwelling spirit will not be coaxed within these walls,—will not irradiate their stones with the benediction of her presence,—unless something finer than mere gain is here to beckon and beguile her."

We can readily foresee that some of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court within the next decade will be handed down in the exquisite style of Justice Cardozo to take their places among the classics of our language.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY—By *James Truslow Adams*

LILLIAN GILL

“Every form of government has been tried; every form has failed. Men do not like to be ruled.” Thus writes a modern philosopher in a statement based on the sort of rebellion man has engaged in since the era of the Garden of Eden. History, or civilization, is one reiterated account of man’s rebellion: against God; against man. Nowhere is this fact of the rebellion of human nature more strikingly manifested than in the first book of Mr. James Truslow Adams’ two volume history of the United States, *The March of Democracy*.

This rebellion motif, whether for good or evil, permeates American history in a unique manner. Although the New World was discovered accidentally through economic necessity, it was settled by rebels against religious, political, and social conditions in Europe. The dangers of a raw, unknown land were considered inconsequential compared with the galling restraints and barriers at home. The Revolutionary War is an example of the characteristic that has come down to us as a sort of heritage. As civilization became more settled along the Atlantic seaboard and laws began to curtail personal liberty the more individualistic souls packed up and moved towards the frontier. The western trek to the receding frontier is the history of a series of revolts against settled civilization with its growing restraints. The civil conflict between North and South is the climax of Mr. Adams’ book and ends the first volume.

The seed or germ of rebellion in the fallen nature of man is not the theme of Mr. Adams' book. I do not think he had the idea consciously of impressing such a notion upon the reader. He has done an excellent piece of work in building up the history of our country out of the raw materials of wars and politics leaving us to philosophize upon man's part in the events. It is the human being who makes history.

Like links in a chain, one chapter fits nicely into another. Even though, as he states himself, there is no one key to history and as it must of necessity be complex, his is a well connected story.

As he interprets as well as relates history his book stimulates thought. Under his pen history becomes a glowing, living thing. From page to page one realizes the picturesque, the tragic, the comic, and the dramatic in our history. Through it all, whether Mr. Adams sees it or not, runs the motif of human rebellion. "Man would be a law unto himself."

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FAREWELL MISS JULIE LOGAN—*By James M. Barrie*

HELEN D. MARTIN

Farewell Miss Julie Logan, Barrie's first short story in almost thirty years, is a weird and inexplicable tale, a ghost story, and as such a little masterpiece. When the little Scotch glen was locked for the winter, people were a bit apt to "go queer" and hold converse with the "Strangers," shades of the Jacobite refugees who had made the glen their hiding place back in '45. The Reverend Adam Yestreen looked on those doings with a skeptic's eye, as a good minister should. In spite of this his diary tells us that he was especially favored and had his own private "stranger," with the fine old Christian name of Miss Julie Logan. This "long stalk of loveliness" enslaves the parson and he confesses his love. However, when she declares that she is a Papist, he drops her into the burn, and she is carried "farther down." But never will she be carried so far that

Adam can wake mornings without the thought that he loved her, and on a visit back to the glen, many years after, he visits the Logan stone, and the exact bend in the burn "where I dropped her." By admirers of Barrie, and by lovers of eerie legends, this story will be welcomed.

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THE BURNING BUSH—*By Sigrid Undset*

MARIE DIXON

The Burning Bush, the latest novel by the Nobel prize winner of 1928, Mme. Sigrid Undset, is a sequel to a previous novel, *The Wild Orchid*. To be thoroughly appreciated, *The Burning Bush* should be read only after a sympathetic perusal of the earlier story. Both deal with the life and development of Paul Selmer.

To understand fully the course of his later development it is helpful, if not essential to know intimately the period of his boyhood and early maturity. We see him as an extraordinarily sensitive and introspective youth, constantly seeking something which seemed ever to elude him. Brought up in the atmosphere of free-thinking Norway at the end of the last century, he was dissatisfied with the explanation of the conduct of life as set forth in the so-called scientific outlook of the day.

True, he had, to use the word in a limited sense, a standard of morals, such as it was. He had been a good comrade and had never refused to help a fellow in need; he was neither in the habit of lying, nor was he given to gossip. With such a code life seemed scarcely worth the living. He realized that he was missing something fundamental, and the narrative of his life is the story of his quest and eventual discovery of that fundamental. That there was something amiss in the separation of his parents and his own estrangement from his father soon made itself felt; but even after he had re-established relations with his father, it began to dawn on him that what he needed was

something quite different and on a higher plane. About this time, too, he had fallen in love with a young Norwegian woman beneath his station in life and had taken her as his mistress. He had been quite content thus far to live up to what his parents considered honorable conduct, but here was a point on which he would not admit their right to an opinion. Nor did he admit the validity of the views of others, as he could foresee only discord in that direction. Seeking an authority that he could respect but unable to discover it in his own little world, he had the grace and good sense to look to the Catholic Church to find God, for he had come to realize that there can be no absolute authority without credentials that are unassailable.

The narrative of his affair with Lucy, of her disappearance, of his marriage and life with Bjorg, of the reappearance of Lucy in his life, his championship of her cause against her brutal husband, and finally of Lucy's death are little more than the skeleton on which Mme. Undset hangs her sympathetic portrayal of the character of Paul and, more important still, her extraordinarily beautiful Catholic philosophy of life.

It has been said of Sigrid Undset that she excels particularly in the portrayal of the male character. No where could better proof of this statement be found than in the delineation of her hero, Paul Selmer. So deep is her understanding and her sympathy that the reader feels that Paul must be Sigrid Undset herself. He is lovable in that there is nothing of the self-satisfied, smug egotist about him. He is humble, generous, impulsive, ever-ready to embrace the cause of the under-dog; so much so that his shallow, selfish wife on more than one occasion criticizes him for his interest in the welfare of his factory workers. This interest is not that of the benevolent despot, but rather that of a brother. Typical also is his love of beauty and his hatred of ugliness; not unnaturally we find him "carrying on missionary work for things like arts and crafts and cottage industry."

One cannot, however, go into a discussion of Paul without mentioning his belief in the Catholic Church, for his admirable

undersatnding and love of that church colors his whole life. Only with the Church's precepts in mind can we appreciate his attempt to love and understand each of his fellow creatures. Only by grasping his sense of the love of God and his passionate wish to be flooded with that love, can we understand his abhorrence of sin and his love of the right. He tried to live nobly, not for reward, but simply for the love of God. Consequently Heaven was for him a union with God, and Hell the absence of God, a concept of hell, by the way, far more terrible than that of fire and brimstone.

The worth of the book lies not in its plot, not in its method of presentation, admirable as it is, not even in the vivid character portrayal, but in its exquisite understanding and love of the Catholic faith. It is true that we are seeing the faith through the eyes of an artist and colored perhaps by the personality of the writer, but so exalted is her perception and so great is her gift of expression that we can not fail to acclaim the book as worthy of our deep regard.

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NICODEMUS—*By Edwin Arlington Robinson*

E. KELLHER-JEFFERS

The saddest thing about Nicodemus is the wondering query, "What if he had gone by day?" There is no meanness, no malice in the dialogue between the timorous Nicodemus and the mocking Caiaphas, only pleading fear answered by a smug tolerance, with a sad, knowing face in the background. Nicodemus believes and pleads, condemns and preaches; Caiaphas smiles and nods; he knows his Nicodemus. Not once does he argue with him the truth of what he says, nor does he dispute his friend's claims; he treats him like a misguided child, tolerantly, indulgently, never for a moment taking him seriously. Once only he stops smiling; when Nicodemus has accused him too

often of being afraid; then a quiet arrogance smothers his friend's further pleas with a final warning to

*“ . . . provision your seditious prophet
Out of Jerusalem with no lost time.”*

All this because Caiaphas knew his Nicodemus. He knew that his friend could talk, but that he would not act. He was afraid. He would espouse the cause of Jesus by word, but not by deed. He was afraid; and Caiaphas knew it. Because he knew it, he smiled and spoke from his assurance:

*“As one of us, I see you, Nicodemus,
True to our laws and hearts, and to our God,
Am I right?
Why, surely, I am right. I am always right.
If I were wrong, I should not be a priest.”*

Nicodemus is a superb study of the panicky fear in one man and the contempt that that fear inspires in the other. With Caiaphas there seems to be little question of belief in the Nazarene's teachings; he recognizes Jesus as a danger to the law he represents, but not as a Redeemer. His chief concern is with the fact that Nicodemus has been “taken in” by another would-be Messiah, as he intimates he had once been. If Nicodemus had done the unexpected, what would Caiaphas have done? But the poet Robinson gave Nicodemus too many chances to act, chances of which he failed to take advantage. So we do not know how Caiaphas would have acted in his surprise, but we know from Robinson's *Nicodemus*, even without the later proof that history furnished, that Caiaphas was right when he said:

*“ . . . you will never be seen
With him beside you in Jerusalem.
I know you, Nicodemus.”*